

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Number
Contains*

The \$1,000
Prize Winning Story
of the March to June
Quarterly Contest

"THE
VERY TIRED
GIRL"

By
ELEANOR H. ABBOTT

Author of
"The Sick-A-Bed Lady"

*Which won the \$1,000 prize
in the June to Sept. contest
of 1905.*



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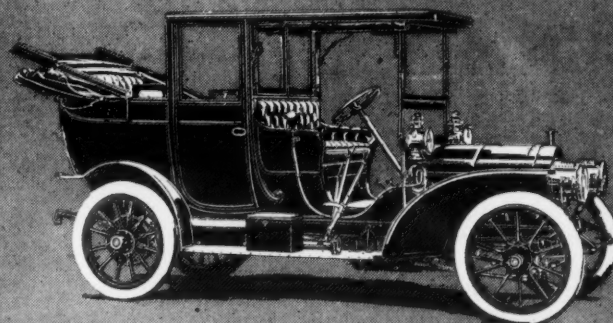
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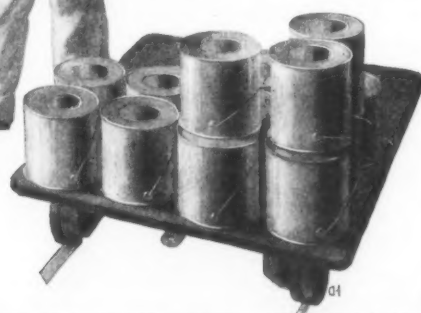
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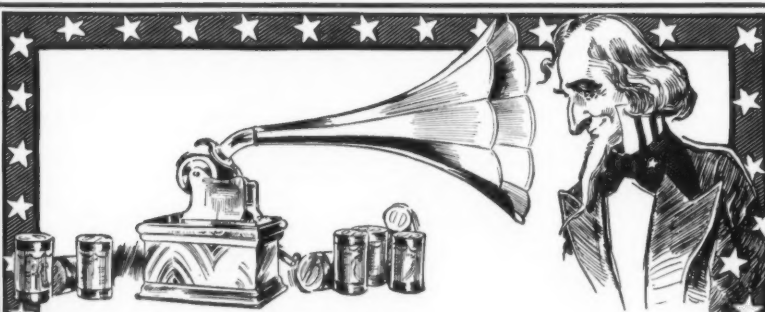
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Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, November 16, 1907

| | | |
|--|----------------------------|----|
| "The Very Tired Girl." Cover Design | Drawn by Charlotte Harding | |
| San Francisco's Chinatown, a Memory | | 8 |
| Editorials | | 9 |
| Two French Dirigibles | | 12 |
| The Very Tired Girl | Eleanor Hallowell Abbott | 13 |
| Winner of the \$1,000 prize in the March to June quarterly contest | | |
| Illustrated by Charlotte Harding | | |
| Diabolo. Illustrated with Sketches and Photographs | | 16 |
| The Man. Poem | Helen Whitney | 16 |
| The Mayor of Boston | George Kibbe Turner | 17 |
| Illustrated with Photographs | | |
| By-Products of the World's Work. Photographs | | 19 |
| Plays and Players | Arthur Ruhl | 20 |
| Illustrated with Photographs | | |
| Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy | Hashimura Togo | 21 |
| III—The Financial Breakdown. Illustrated by the Author | | |
| What the World is Doing. | | 22 |
| A Week's Record. Photographs | | 23 |

Volume XL Number 8

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

New York, Saturday, November 16, 1907



Another Prize Award

In the quarter year extending from June 1 to September 1, 1907, the following nine stories were accepted in Collier's regular contest for the quarterly prize of one thousand dollars:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Fiddles | F. Hopkinson Smith |
| THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY | Harvey J. O'Higgins |
| A Black Drop | Margaret Deland |
| A Deal in Cotton | Rudyard Kipling |
| The Floppings of the Sacred Codfish | Mary Buell Wood |
| The Bride's Dead | Gouverneur Morris |
| A Belated Rebel Invasion | Herbert Quick |
| In Life and Books | Roy Rolfe Gilson |
| Rafferty's Rule | Frank L. Packard |

Two of these, "A Black Drop" and "A Belated Rebel Invasion," exceeded the limit of 6,000 words which has been set for competing stories. Mr. O'Higgins, to whose story the quarterly bonus was awarded, is a familiar writer to Collier's readers. "The Clowns" was published on May 11 of this year; and "The Prodigal Shine" on February 18, 1905. The prize story is a simple little tale, plain, packed with unglorified pathos and tragedy, French in its choice of incident, and smelling of peat bogs. It has a text, a moral, or whatever a reader cares to call it. The old woman said: "It has its own way with you—life." The story convinces you of that.

A Seasonable Parable

Mr. Bernard Shaw will contribute to Collier's, next week, a story, the first short story that he has written in years, about which, we predict, a flurry of discussion will rise. There is a sort of appropriateness to the season in its title, "Aerial Football"; as to Mr. Shaw's purpose to pursue "timeliness" in offering it at this time we can not answer. We can understand, however, that when G. B. S. sets out to puncture an ancient hypocrisy in the brilliant, apparently flippant, way he uses, he would not neglect the available seasonable settings of his parable. In advance, it is probably appropriate to say only that Mr. Shaw's conceits ought not to surprise, much less shock, any one who has perused "Man and Superman" with any sort of intelligent interest.

For a Thanksgiving Feast

We have a theory that the annual turkey festival and color ought to go together. Anyway, in next week's Collier's, which is the Thanksgiving Number, the feast of color will be set. The large double-page picture by Frederic Remington, which he calls "The Story of Where the Sun Goes," is one of those story-paintings that demands color for the telling. It blazes out with the actual, intense brilliance of a late autumn sun. Falling pat with the most important football games before the season ends, Walter Camp's second article on the development of the game since the colleges opened this Fall will add to the Thanksgiving flavor of the issue. The fiction of the number, aside from Mr. Shaw's contribution, will be supplied by David Gray, with his story of "The First Undying Passion of Ensign Russell," and Roy Rolfe Gilson's tender little tale, "In Life and Books." The first of Joe Lincoln's essay-stories, "Our House," will also appear—it is, we believe, in tune with the spirit of the season and with the sort of spruced-up, cheerful paper planned for next week.



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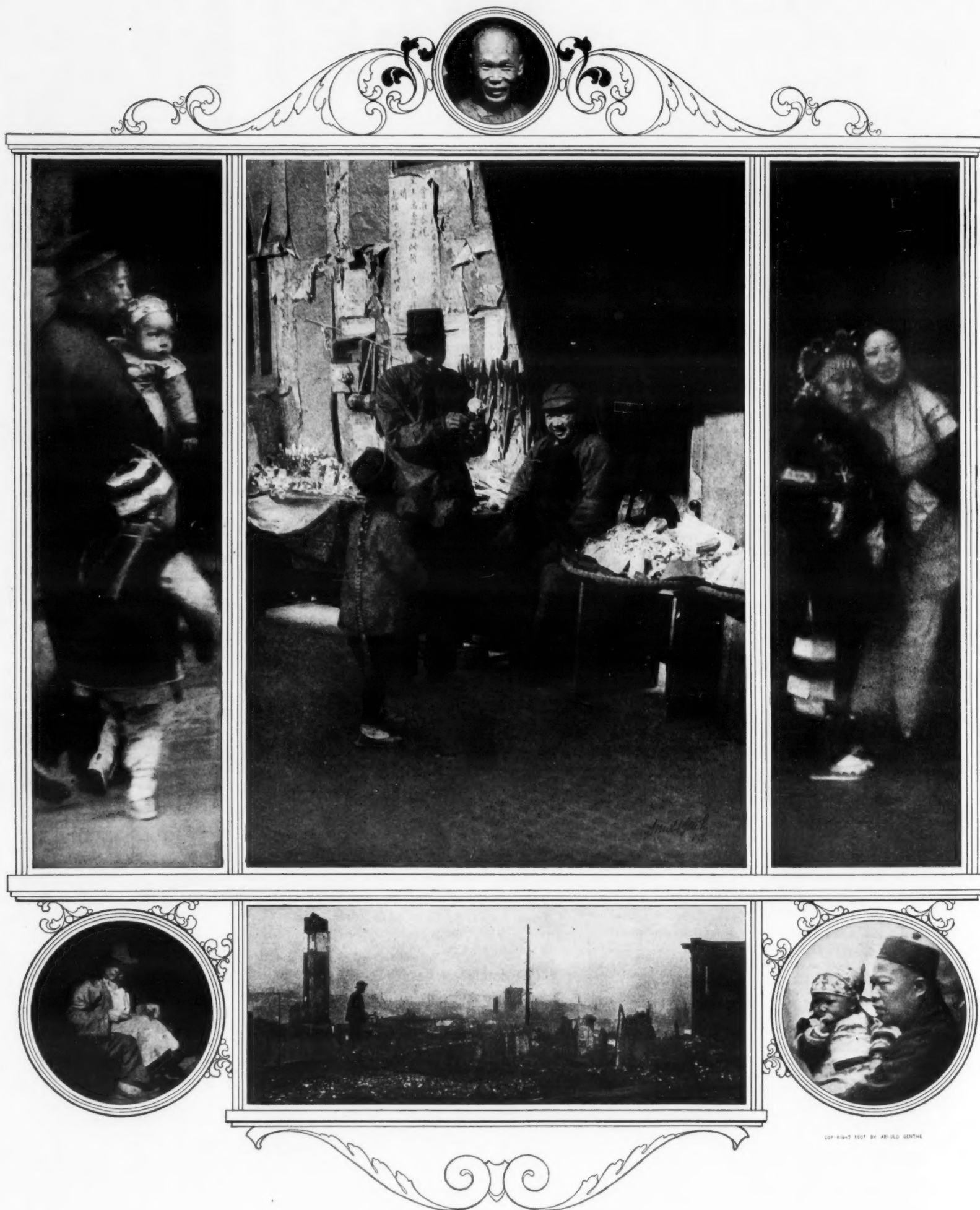
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San Francisco's Chinatown, a Memory

OUT of the ruins of old San Francisco, Arnold Genthe, a photographer of unusual accomplishments, saved only a suit case full of negatives. Fortunately, the negatives were those he had made during the eight years he had been interested in recording the intimate life of the city's colorful Chinese quarter. Making intimate pictures in Chinatown was no easy task. The "black devil box" was a thing to be avoided in superstitious terror. To obtain one of his best negatives Mr. Genthe went to the alley four hours before the light would be right and sat down to wait. For two hours the alley was deserted, then a few Chinese peeped out. Peeping out again an hour later, they saw Genthe still there. At last they came out and went back and forth freely, concluding philosophically, no doubt, that German patience could equal Oriental evasion. Patience and alertness during eight years of investigation of the quarter produced a unique record. The city's old Chinatown is a memory—in rebuilding, the Chinese are following the conventional patterns of the Americans; the new Chinatown will be no more picturesque than Doyers Street in New York. In forthcoming issues other prints from Mr. Genthe's negatives will be used

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

November 16, 1907

What Is a Man?

LET US BEGIN this paragraph with a bouquet. A contemporary of Denver, Colorado, says: "The 'News' confesses to a liking for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. It is one of the brightest, most readable, most energetic papers in the country." Thus far it would be ungracious for us to quarrel with the "News." We observe the compliment with "the grace and blush of modesty," and pass on to the rigor ushered in with this commencement. After spanking us with acerbity for upholding Mr. ROOSEVELT's effort to preserve our forests, the "News," laboring with energy, is delivered thus: "We are unalterably opposed to any policy which would conserve trees instead of men." Now POPE observed that the sound should seem an echo to the sense. In this case we must needs accept the energy of the sound in place of sense. Shall we become less manly by becoming generous? Is it unworthy of a full-grown bearded male, in addition to his own short-lived money-gain, to consider also the future of his country's life? Perhaps it is effeminate to have any vision more noble than one's self. Perhaps we become manly in proportion as greed is the beacon of existence; as consideration of children now unborn, of difficulties which we are not to feel, is never harbored by our complacent minds.

Our Country's Sinew

THE WEST IS LIBELED, we most heartily believe, when the Denver "News" attributes to that whole vast territory a spirit similar to its own. West as well as East are there men capable of devotion; men free from slavery to immediate gain; men who put solidity and permanence in nation-building ahead of tinsel speed. A few years ago many were found to boast of our resources as inexhaustible. Now we have learned that at the present pace our forests will be entirely gone in about thirty years, anthracite coal in fifty, and bituminous in one hundred years. On coal, more than on any other product, depends to-day a nation's power. Some coal-fields have already failed, as have fields of iron ore, gas, and oil. What the destruction of forests does to the welfare of a country it is difficult to exaggerate. The Mississippi, largely on account of our forest policy, carries away of useful soil each year twice as much as will be excavated altogether at Panama. Mr. PINCHOT enumerates, as results of disappearing lumber, injury to all building industries; a rise in the expense of mining and therefore in the cost of coal and iron; greater expense of transportation by water and by rail; a higher cost of living for every one of us. Mr. CARNEGIE, on an occasion long ago historic, expressed a wish to expire in poverty. The purchase of privately owned timber lands for the Government might help him out. As to the land which the whole people can still control, a just attitude toward it is one of the most creditable positions taken by the present Administration, and held, in spite of the outcries of those who fear their manliness will be destroyed!

War!

HE WALKED IN JUDEA eighteen hundred years ago; His sphere melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men." It leads them still. It is the fountain-head to-day of Love, and of those virtues which are allied to Love, and help to make it triumphant in this world. Men are divided into those whose faith is in order, kindness, mutual understanding, and steady progress, and those whose trust is in violence and hatred. Among Socialists are to be found many of the purest souls alive. Under the same banner are to be found many of the most hard-hearted, selfish, and unchristian spirits also. It is the latter who excuse all murder done in the name of Socialism by reference to the rules of war. The hypocrisy of this cloak for vengeance, impatience, and crime is clear probably even to themselves. Instead of being shot at sight by the majority, as they would be in war, these men are allowed to proselyte, to vote, to hold office, to be tried for each and every murder they commit. What a cheap and paltry argument, then, is it to refer

to warfare, or to the rebellions of history against oppression. No, the analogy is not to open battle, but to the masked burglar "at war" with society, the brigand who makes a philosophy to fit his needs, the ruffian everywhere. By arguments such as are used by many who wrong the name of Socialist, they themselves should all be destroyed at once by the majority who differ from them in belief; presidencies and judgeships should be selected by the bayonet; and we should all set out to murder human beings who in any way hold contrary opinions about Senatorial elections or the tariff. There is no kindness, spirituality, or honor in these men. They are led by envy, hatred, and the lawless wish to rule.

Fear

SURPRISE HAS BEEN EXPRESSED by a number of our readers that nothing had been seen by them in the daily press about the death of Sheriff HARVEY K. BROWN, Ex-Sheriff of Baker County, Oregon. Their bewilderment is equaled by our own. The event, momentous, overwhelming, as it was, was in most newspapers mentioned barely, if at all. To the request that we narrate the facts to which heretofore we have referred, we can say no more than this: On September 30 Sheriff BROWN was lacerated by a bomb set near his gate. On October 1 he died. In the course of his official duty he had taken STEVE ADAMS' to Boise City, had disappointed the miners in his testimony, and, most fatal of all, had made a secret report to McPARLAND, which fell into the hands of the Federation. Dying, he is reported to have said he had expected death and had been shadowed for weeks. That is all. On this topic we quote the following from an Idaho letter:

"Truer and more timely words were never written than those found in your editorial paragraph of this date entitled: 'Wanted: Courage.' The great need of the mining States of the Northwest to-day is indeed courageous men. It is a most regrettable fact that in a section of the nation popularly supposed to be the home of the most fearless and venturesome men, there is a scarcity of that class ready to risk political or commercial advantages or even life for the name and welfare of the State.

"Outspoken declarations against the dynamite outrages are as rare in those parts of this State, for instance, as contrary declarations are general. The dynamiter and his friends have a valuable commercial patronage to offer, and it goes to the store, the office, or the shop wheresoever in his vicinity he finds most favor for his policies and opinions.

"The lawless element fully understand the importance of fear, or, in other words, of making moral and physical cowards of men. It is the standard safeguard against adverse testimony. Until we have more men of courage—not alone in the jury-box, on the bench, and in executive offices, but in the homes, the shops, the churches, and the schools—we shall have these appalling crimes."

We notice a despatch from Wallace, Idaho, that important witnesses wanted in the Adams case have left the State. It is much to ask that citizens should not run away from duty through the fear of bombs—much, yes, but without courage enough to face outrage and speak truth, what is the worth of man's existence?

Law in Massachusetts

TO ELECT THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE is Boston's foremost duty to-day, as is fully explained in the two articles, the second of which is printed in this number. Boston, indeed, in its present development, is a difficult problem for Massachusetts, which is still able to maintain her proud record as our best-governed State. We have spoken frequently of her control of public utilities—long ago contrasting her traction policy with that of New York, and hinting at the prospect of what is happening now, and more than once admiring Boston's successful grappling with the price of gas. Later we shall have something to observe about the merger proposal of the Boston and Maine and New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads, and the principles of government which lie behind the arguments on both sides. At this moment, however, we wish to call attention to a record by what has for a long time been one of Massachusetts's most successful bodies—her Board of Health. This Board has taken many progressive steps. During the last year it has grappled ably with one of the most serious duties which confronts it and bodies like it in all our States. An act which took effect on September 1,

Collier's

1906, provides that "it shall be unlawful for any person (including physicians) to sell or to expose or offer for sale or to give or exchange any patent or proprietary medicine or article containing cocaine or any of its salts or alpha or beta eucaine or any synthetic substitute of the aforesaid." Previous to the enactment of this law, every druggist sold proprietary preparations containing cocaine in some form. Let us see what is the situation now,

Marching Forward

DURING THE FIRST MONTH after the law went into effect, namely September, the following preparations containing cocaine were advertised by the Board and the sale of them prohibited:

Crown Catarrh Powder, Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, Dr. Cole's Catarrh Cure, I. C. R. Instant Catarrh Relief, Pretzinger's Catarrh Balm.

During the same month two prosecutions were made and two convictions secured for violating the law. In October the following were advertised as unsalable at retail:

Allenbury's Throat Pastilles, No. 9; Specific for Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Catarrhal Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Nathan Tucker, M. D., Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

During this month four convictions were secured. The next list of preparations advertised comprised several non-proprietary preparations commonly sold without prescription. For this reason attention was called to the fact that druggists may no longer sell them except upon prescription. These are:

Compressed Pills Throat, Mentholated, John Wyeth & Bro., Inc.; Compressed Pill Nausea, John Wyeth & Bro., Inc.; Compressed Voice Tablets, John Wyeth & Bro., Inc.; Anti-vomiting Tablets, Mulford; Tablets, Anti-vomiting, No. 2, Mulford; Compressed Tablets, Creosote Comp. No. 2, C. Kilgore, New York.

During this month three more convictions were secured. In December it was discovered that a new preparation had appeared under the name of "Standard Catarrh Powder." This powder was analyzed and found to contain cocaine. It was further found to be manufactured by the same persons who had prepared the "I. C. R. Instant Catarrh Relief," but under the name of "Standard Catarrh Powder Company." Accordingly, this preparation was advertised as unsalable at retail, together with the following:

Reeves' Coca and Tolu Cough Drops, Reeves Drug and Chemical Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Coca Wine, Ropes Drug Company, Salem; Coca Wine, W. B. Markell's Drug Stores; Coca Wine, Lewis, the Manufacturing Chemist, Boston; Peruvian Wine of Coca, Keystone Chemical Company, Philadelphia; Mattison's Coca Wine, E. F. Mattison, Providence, Rhode Island; Wine of Coca, Davies, Rose & Co., Boston; Metcalf's Coca Wine, Theodore Metcalf Company, Boston; Dr. Earl's Coca Wine, The New York and Boston Drug Co., Boston; Epstein's Wine of Coca, Epstein's Cut Price Drug Store, Boston.

In June of this year the following preparations containing cocaine were added to the list of preparations advertised as unsalable:

Vin Mariani, Dr. Birney's Catarrhal Powder, Green's Coca Wine, Peruvian Coca Wine.

How One State Works

IN SPITE OF THE DECISION of the authorities of several other States with reference to the Vin Mariani preparation, the Massachusetts Board of Health was governed entirely by the laws of Massachusetts, and, inasmuch as the preparation was found to contain cocaine, it has been advertised as unsalable at retail, even on prescription. In February four convictions were secured on the so-called "Standard Catarrh Powder," under the names of "I. C. R. Catarrh Snuff" and "Standard Catarrh Snuff." In March the manufacturers of "Standard Catarrh Powder" put substantially the same preparation on the market under the name of "Gem Catarrh Powder, Gem Medicine Company, Boston." This powder, in addition to the preparation known as "Rudolf's Kola-Cardinette, Palisade Manufacturing Company, Yonkers, N. Y.," was accordingly advertised as unsalable at retail. Following this advertisement, two of the three convictions secured were for the sale of the "Gem Catarrh Powder." In May two more preparations were advertised as unsalable at retail: "Anglo-American Medicine Company's Catarrhal Powder, Anglo-American Medicine Company, Chicago, Toronto." (This preparation was manufactured by the same concern that had prepared "Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder.") The other preparation advertised during May was "Maltine with Coca Wine, Maltine Manufacturing Company, New York." During the month of June sixteen convictions were secured. Since June two preparations have been added to the list of cocaine preparations unsalable at retail:

The Miles Mixture for Catarrh, Miles Medicine Company, Boston; Vin Tonique Mariani, Mariani, 41 Bd. Haussmann, Paris.

Since June seven convictions have been secured for the sale of the following preparations:

Maltine with Coca Wine, Vin Mariani, Standard Catarrh Cure.

19

In spite of an attempt on the part of a special justice to prevent the enforcement of the laws, the work of the Board has continued to be efficient. Every one of the eight prosecutions for the sale of proprietary medicines containing cocaine, during the last month of which the record is before us—September 16 to October 16—has resulted in conviction. We commend this narrative to the Boards of various other States. Meantime the compulsory labeling of cocaine preparations under the Pure Food law is exercising a wide restraint.

Those Ticket Men

NEW HAVEN HAS PASSED an ordinance against ticket speculation so drastic and so precise that it bids fair to change the conditions of the football season. This ordinance provides that every ticket to a place of amusement shall bear upon its face a statement of its original selling price. If any one attempts to dispose of this ticket for more than its face value he shall be subject to a fine of from \$10 to \$100. The ticket speculators in the City of Elms had been planning for their customary pickings on November 16, when Princeton plays Yale. Such an ordinance strikes at the root of their trade, and they are banding together to test the constitutionality of the law. If the rule can be enforced, there will be no such thing as profit in ticket selling, with the result that the football authorities of the two colleges will be able, up to the last minute, to control the distribution of seats. Under such a system the public will not obtain the tickets to the exclusion of the belated but deserving graduate. At Cambridge also this year there are to be some eight thousand less seats for the Harvard-Yale game. This move, together with the New Haven ordinance, will make for college sport for college men. Moreover, if the new law at New Haven is enforced, it may cast over ticket speculation in general a shadow which will stretch even to the sidewalks of Broadway.

Romance To-day

TO OUR FOREFATHERS each new manifestation was a matter of ocular excitement. The fingers of the cotton gin took the place of human fingers. At the coming of ether an amputation was transformed from a scene of torture to a placid process in mechanics. Crowds gathered to see FULTON's devil-boat churn its way slowly up the Hudson, or to watch the first locomotive puffing and clanking through the meadows. Even with the development of electricity wires stretched taut against the sky; the strand of cable might be seen as it began its plunge beneath the Atlantic. Yet it has remained for the matter-of-fact utilization of wireless telegraphy to bring us, in science, the height of romance. To-day a merchant wishes to telegraph to his buyer in London; forthwith his half-dozen words are shot to the tip of a pole beside the seashore, flicked into the sky, and sucked out of space to a lonely spar on the coast of Ireland. There is here as much magic of romance as the world has ever seen.

De Gustibus

LITERARY GENTLEMEN frequently exhibit a strange unreasonableness in complaining of the public's lack of appreciation. Because an Igorrote prefers raw dog to the supreme effort of a French chef, is he therefore base? If a man wish to drive rats from his house and hire an orchestra to play the music of RICHARD STRAUSS therein in the quaint conceit that this will effect his purpose, is he therefore wicked? He pays for certain work done, and, having paid, his duty is discharged. The art of the thing rests on the consciences of the men who admire STRAUSS and do the playing. As a matter of fact, do not the general public indulge in fiction as in any other dissipation? They read to get away from themselves, and the more bizarre and impossible the world is represented to them by the latest of the Six Best Sellers, the more completely, they fondly imagine, this translation will be accomplished. It is rare that this attitude is more vividly set forth than in an advertisement which meets the eye as this is being written, put forth in the newspapers by the eminently dignified and ancient house of Appleton. "*Lie first. There will always be room for the truth.*" This engaging proposition, under the picture of a cavalier spurring his horse down the highway and waving a sword at his pursuers. Then, "That was one of the maxims of the most lovable scoundrel imaginable, the combined villain and hero of this novel by the author of last year's most delectable romance, '—.' This is still more delectable." The book to buy, beyond a doubt. And where meanwhile are the royalties of poor Mr. Inkwell, who has written himself bald searching for truth and fondly imagines that in life as we live it is to be found the real romance?

Plants at War

NOWHERE IS THE STRUGGLE for existence more incessant, more remorselessly carried to a Standard Oil finish, than in the vegetable world. We gaze with admiration upon the arrow-like

straightness and mast-like height of the trunks of the lordly pines in the dense forest. They grew thus in a fierce struggle to reach the sunlight and smother all competitors striving with them in the race. The original seedlings stood thirty to the square yard; the pride of the lumbermen run fifteen to twenty to the acre. The difference represents the death-rate in the struggle. Every tree, every plant has won the position that it holds by the hardest fighting. Obviously since the strife from overcrowding by one's fellows is so deadly, the best thing to do would seem to be to scatter out and cover the ground as thinly as possible. But here new risks are met. Evident enough are the dangers from high winds and storms, from lightning stroke, from the attack of animal and insect enemies. But the foremost danger of all is from a wholly unexpected source, and that is from an influence no more formidable in appearance than the soft, green grass. This has been brought strikingly to the public eye by an announcement of Superintendent PARSONS that the soil of Central Park, New York, is played out. The trees are dying, the grass is thinning, and nothing will save it but a recoating with fresh, new soil. It has, of course, been long known that there was antagonism between grass and trees. Beautiful and picturesque as are the spreading oaks and gnarled beeches of the English park, drooping their branches over the greensward, with the deer reposing under their shade, their death-rate is enormous. They do not thrive nor live to such ages as do their companions in the dense woodland. Our orchardists found out the same thing practically a decade or so ago, and in the modern twentieth century orchard the soil is kept as bare and brown and thoroughly cultivated as a freshly sown wheat field.

Science and Grass

THAT THE GRASS took from the soil substances that were needed for the nourishment of the trees, and *vice versa*, was the first explanation: that the trees deprived the grass beneath them of sunlight and water. This explanation, however, would not stand the test of experiment; no matter how abundantly fertilizers of all sorts were applied to the trees of the grass-grown orchard, the trees still refused to yield their best quality of apples, and tended to die, and, on the other hand, no matter how high up pruning was carried, and how thoroughly the sunlight was permitted to penetrate to the very roots of the trees, grass would not flourish within the sphere of influence of trees. So that the orchardist who tried to grow two crops lost both. The subject was taken up by the National Bureau of Agriculture both in France and in the United States, and after prolonged research the principal cause was discovered to be the somewhat unexpected one of the formation of substances in the soil by the grass which are directly toxic or injurious to trees. Seedlings and young trees were planted in pots and boxes filled with the same soil, and subjected to exactly the same conditions of moisture, heat, and light. Part of these were then sown with grasses of various sorts, as well as clover, peas, and various other crops, and the remainder left bare, but thoroughly cultivated. The result almost invariably was that those seedlings whose soil was kept clear of growth grew faster and more vigorously than any of the others, although some crops like clover and peas seemed to interfere only slightly with their growth; grass was most injurious of all. Thinking that the amount of cultivation and aeration of the soil might differ, two sets of seedlings were then planted, one in a soil shaken out of freshly dug old sod, and thus presumably charged with the toxins; and the other in fresh soil from a plowed field, and both thoroughly cultivated. Again the difference was all in favor of the ungrassed soil. A dozen other variations of conditions were then made, as to fertilizer, moisture, heat, etc., but with practically one result. Possibly in future some method of detoxicating or purifying the soil of these products may be devised. It may be possible to renew the soil of Central Park by some less radical and expensive procedure than that of complete removal and substitution. It is even believed that a similar process of auto-intoxication plays a considerable part in the so-called "going stale," or loss of fertility in

ground in which the same crop has been grown a number of seasons in succession; and that part of the value of that time-honored device of lying fallow is due to the opportunity given both for weeds to neutralize or take up some of those toxic products, and for the rain, the sun, and the wind to wash, blow, and oxidize them out of the soil.

A Man Afraid

NOTHING IN OUR DAY better deserves the interest of philosophers and practical observers than the changing rôle of woman. What her new position is to be, none can say. That the outcome is of far-reaching significance, all agree. We gladly, therefore, listen to many views. "Personally," writes a correspondent, "I am against this feminization of the world. Without wishing to dictate woman's place in the civilized cosmos, I certainly am disposed to fight her, to combine against her. In America to-day women have monopolized nearly all the important interests of modern life. They have possession of the schools; the churches have become feminine institutions; our literature is addressed almost exclusively to them. The only thing that seems to be left to men is the bar-room, and even there the women are crowding in. The American man is a slave. I read in the paper the other day that one-third more men than women die in Chicago. We can't get along without our women, because we can not get along without our children. And there are still so many women who in character are children that we are unable to avoid loving them."

A Feminine View

A WOMAN NO DOUBT would assure the above rather excited gentleman that no harm had been intended, and that world movements always were mysterious things, for which those who participate in them can account as little as those who behold them from afar. One lady explains to us that when women have complained that they were withheld from their birthright, that they were crowded out of the departments of business, science, art, literature, and politics, the reply has been that if they had proved themselves worthy they might have entered; it has even been said that they would have entered had they wished. They did not, for example, improve their domestic condition by labor-saving inventions for the simple reason that they would not. They remained in such matters conservative to the verge of stupidity. To a great extent the entrance of women into business has been the result of magnanimity. They have been averse to burdening men to whom they could make no return for money extended or hospitality offered. The dependent maiden aunt is as extinct as the dodo. She is now the keeper of a tea shop, the investigator of securities, the owner and director of a ranch, the principal of a school, or the directress of a stenographers' bureau. It is largely her disaffection which has caused the apparent scarcity of help. There are still servants, but there are no handy maiden aunts—those ever-ready-to-use handmaidens who exacted no monetary return for their constant and affectionate service, and who were too often made to feel, after all, that they were dependents. The necessities of life were extended to them with all the *éclat* of a gift, and they were required to be grateful for what was their right. So now they work in town, earn salaries, live in apartments with kitchenettes, go to the theatre with other ladies similarly placed, belong to a literary club, a business club—with conveniences for luncheon—and go to the manless church. Frequently there are only two men in the church—the pastor and some one to pass the contribution plate. Women have seldom been trusted in the pulpit and never with the contribution plate, even though they put the coin in it. The men will be allowed to attend church if they please; they may teach school if they wish; there is still room for them in the drawing-room. It has been said also that all women look upon their husbands as children. Their attitude toward them is largely maternal. Perhaps we can make peace between the warring correspondents. It may be, after all, that what is meant is that all of us, men and women, are happiest when our companions are young at heart.

The following exhibit is part of Mr. Hearst's Chicago "American," reproduced to show the policy toward gambling pursued by one of our most conspicuous and influential public men:

Hollow, 2 to 1 Won

Once more I sent another good one over. You who are a consistent loser at the game don't give up in disgust, send to me and I will put you in right with the right people. I am at the head of the game. I enter my efforts to show you one horse each day on which you can make a plunge bet. If scratched, another day is sent in its place. You can bet with confidence on anything I send you, as all my stuff comes direct from the stable. I have absolutely no use for the dope book at all.

Here is my grand record:

| | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Monday—Miss Gail | 5-1 Won |
| Tuesday—Pete Blue | 20-1 Lost |
| Wednesday—Pointer | 20-1 Won |
| Thursday—Miss Taddas | 5-1 Won |
| Friday—O. W. Earl | 5-1 Won |
| Saturday—Bustle | 5-1 Won |
| Sunday—Mystic | 5-1 Won |
| Tuesday—Mistie | 4-1 Won |

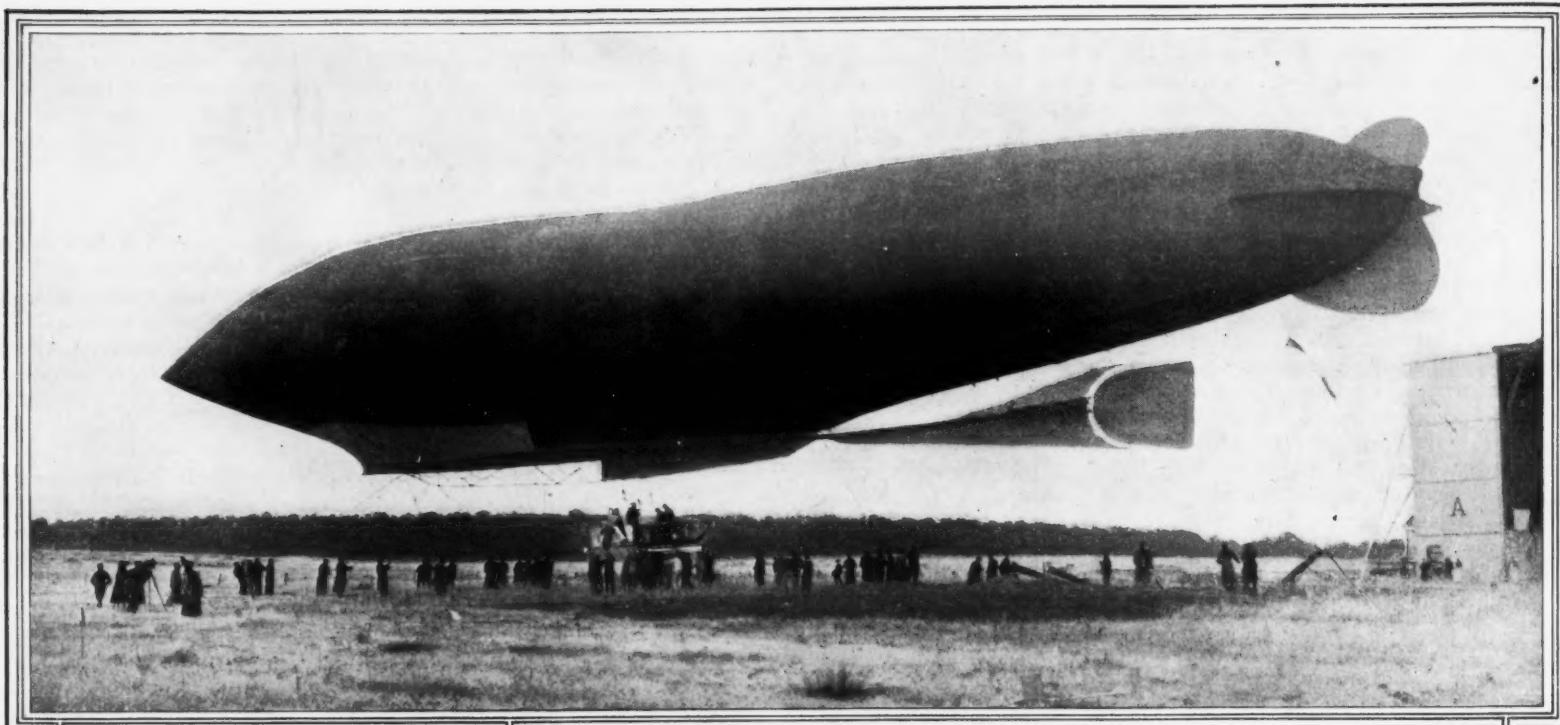
One week's trial with Lucky Joe Arthur will convince you that I am the man that is in the tip-top business. **Plunge bet 25 weeks.** Information wired 2 p. m. On race 2 p. m. and for wires I will mail code. All messages in code so as to avoid all leaks.

JOE ARTHUR

TWENTY TO ONE WINNER TO-DAY

Every bet as good as 20 to 1. One special as all I have sent out will win you as fast as lightning. 20-1 won, and Randall, 20-1 won, for Justice. The code and the 20-1 odds are only at 10:30 a. m. to 2 p. m.

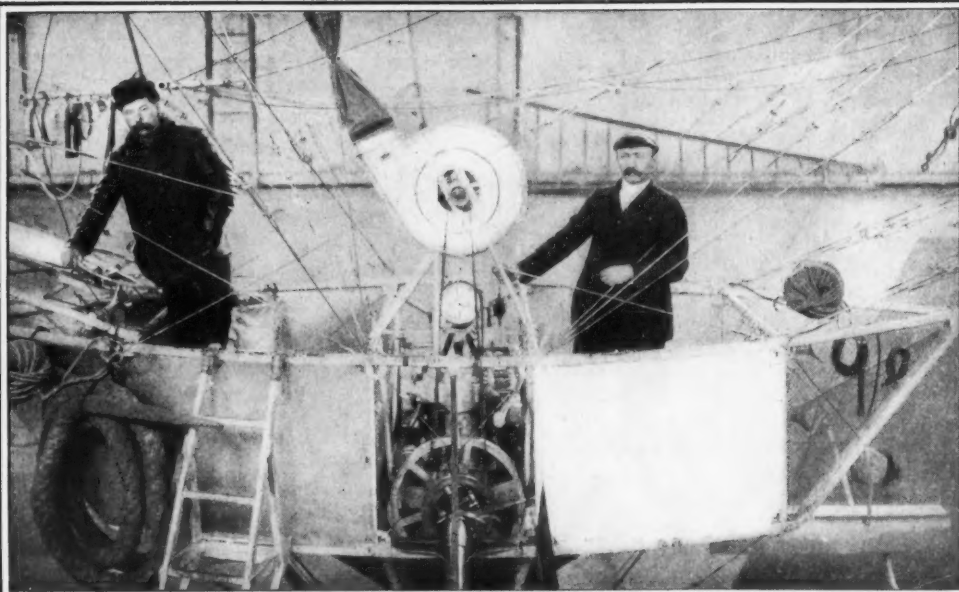
BILL LESTER & COMPANY
Suite 27, 99 La Salle St. Chicago, Ill.
Tel. Main 2328. Owners of Trainers.
25 DAILY, OR 50 FOR 25 GUARAN-TEED WINNERS.



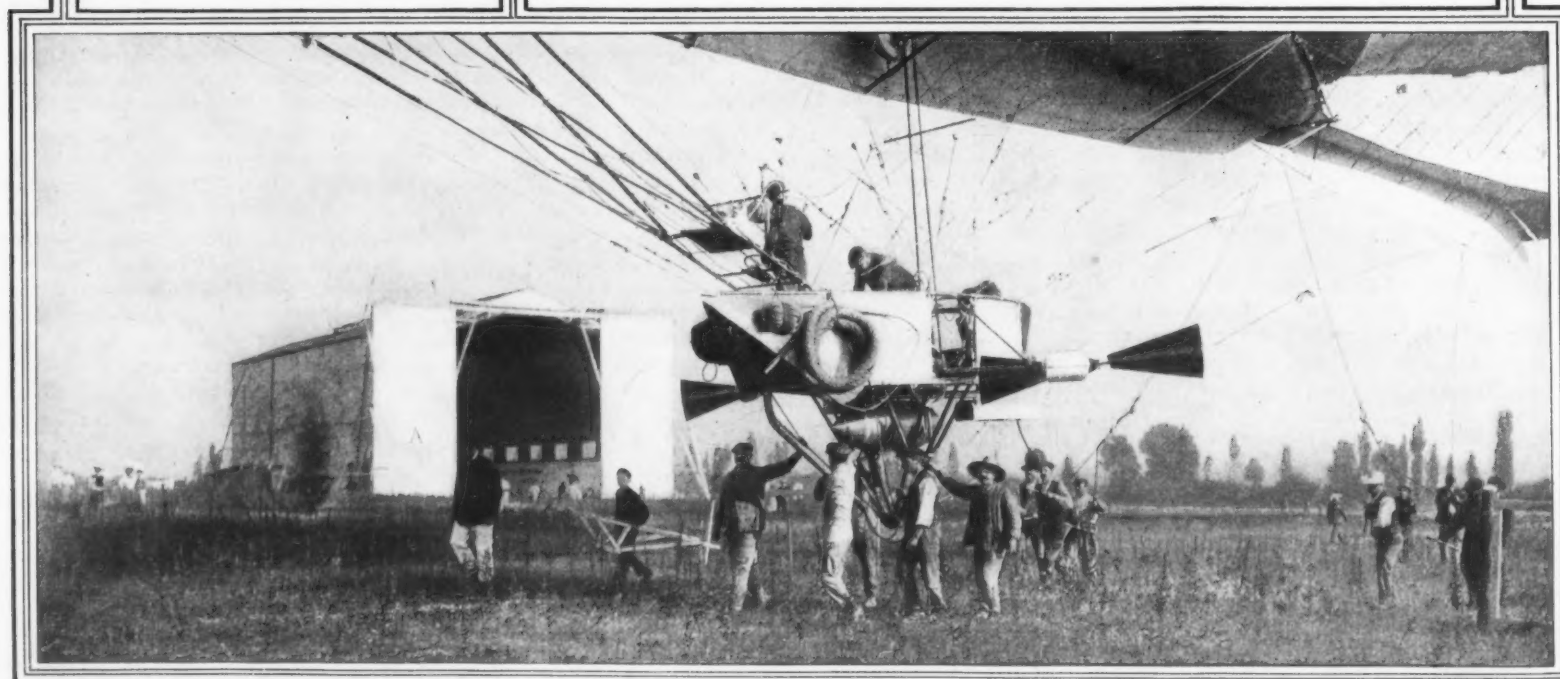
Two French Dirigibles

"LA PATRIE," shown at the top of the page, is one of the newest and most successful of the French gas-bag dirigibles. She has been in commission nearly all summer and has been cruising over Paris at useful speed and under perfect control. **"Le Jaune,"** shown in the two lower photographs, is also a late and successful model of the gas-bag dirigible. Until Count Zeppelin's airship, a huge inflated cigar, 420 feet long, and holding 300,000 cubic feet of gas, recently demonstrated its remarkable airworthiness in a four-hour test over Lake Constance, **"La Patrie"** and **"Le Jaune"** held first place in the interest of aeronauts. Recently the English army dirigible, the **"Nulli Secundus,"** designed by an American, has shown surprising qualities. The Germans also have taken up the building of dirigibles with enthusiasm. The Kaiser's army expects that its new airship, the **"Parseval,"** will be able to compete successfully with either the French or the English. The **"Parseval's"** peculiarity lies in its propeller. Instead of the solid blades common to other airships, there are four strips of fabric with weights at the end, held rigid when in motion by centrifugal force, and hanging limp when the ship is at rest.

The dirigible **"La Patrie,"** built by Lebaudy and sold in 1906 to the French Government. This airship has been in use longer and has made more successful flights than any other.



The car of **"Le Jaune,"** one of the newest of the French dirigibles. The old type of car running approximately the whole length of the gas-bag has generally been given up.



"Le Jaune" ready for a flight from its "garage." The **"chauffeur's"** helpers are indispensable in making a start, though M. Henri Deutsch in his new **"Ville de Paris"** has journeyed from Paris to his shooting estate and sent his airship back with the **"chauffeur"** alone.

The Very Tired Girl

By

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Winner of the \$1,000 Prize
in the March to June Quarterly Contest

Illustrated by

CHARLOTTE HARDING



With no other object, except just to get—home

ON ONE of those wet, warm, slushy February nights when the vapid air sags like sodden wool in your lungs, and your cheekbones bore through your flesh, and your leaden feet seem strung directly from the roots of your eyes, three girls stampeded their way through the jostling, peevish street crowds with no other object in Heaven or Earth except just to get—HOME, HOME, HOME.

It was supper time, too, somewhere between six and seven, the caved-in hour of the day when the ruddy-ghost of Other People's dinners flaunts itself rather grossly in the pallid nostrils of Her Who Lives by the Chafing-Dish.

One of the girls was a Medical Masseuse, trained brain and brawn in the German Hospitals. One was a Public School Teacher with a tickle of chalk-dust in her lungs. One was a Cartoon Artist with a heart like chiffon and a wit as accidentally malicious as the jab of a pin in a flirt's belt.

All three of them were silly with fatigue. The writhing city cavorted before them like a sick clown. A lame cab horse went strutting like a mechanical toy. Crape on a door would have plunged them into hysterics. Were you ever as tired as that?

It was, in short, the kind of night that rips out every one according to his stitch. Rhoda Hanlan the Masseuse was ostentatiously sewed with double thread and back-stitched at that. Even the little Teacher Ruth MacLaurin had a physique that was embroidered if not darned across its raveled places. But Noreen Gaudette, the Cartoon Drawer, with her spangled brain and her tissue-paper body, was merely basted together with a single silken thread. It was the knowledge of being only basted that gave Noreen the droll, puckered terror in her eyes whenever Life tugged at her with any specially inordinate strain.

Yet it was Noreen who was popularly supposed to be built with an electric battery instead of a heart.

The boarding-house that welcomed the three was rather tall for beauty, narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, hunched together in the block like a prudish, dour old spinster overcrowded in a street car. To call such a house "Home" was like calling such a spinster "Mother." But the three girls called it "Home" and rather liked the saucy taste of the word in their mouths.

Across the threshold in a final spurt of energy the jaded girls pushed with the joyous realization that there were now only five flights of stairs between themselves and their own attic studio.

On the first floor the usual dreary vision greeted them of a hall table strewn with stale letters—most evidently bills, which no one seemed in a hurry to appropriate.

It was twenty-two stumbling, bundle-dropping steps to the next floor, where the strictly Bachelor Quarters with half-swung doors emitted a pleasant gritty sound of masculine voices, and a sumptuous cloud of cigarette smoke which led the way forwardly up twenty-two more toiling steps to the Old Maid's Floor, buffeted itself naughtily against the sternly shut doors, and then mounted triumphantly like sweet incense to the Romance Floor, where with door alluringly open the Much-Loved Girl and her Mother were frankly and ingenuously preparing for the Monday-Night-Lover's visit.

The vision of the Much-Loved Girl smote like a brutal flashlight upon the three girls in the hall.

Out of curl, out of breath, jaded of face, bedraggled of clothes, they stopped abruptly and stared into the vista.

Before their fretted eyes the room stretched fresh and clean as a newly returned laundry package. The green rugs lay like velvet grass across the floor. The chintz-covered furniture crisped like the crust of a cake. Facing the gilt-bound mirror, the Much-Loved Girl sat joyously in all her lingerie-waisted, lace-paper freshness, while her Mother hovered over her to give

one last maternal touch to a particularly rampagous blond curl.

The Much-Loved Girl was a cordial person. Her liquid, mirrored reflection nodded gaily out into the hall. There was no fatigue in the sparkling face. There was no rain or fog. There was no street-corner insult. There was no harried stress of wherewithal. There was just Youth, and Girl, and Cherishing.

She made the Masseuse and the little School Teacher think of a pale pink rose in a cut-glass vase. But she made Noreen Gaudette FEEL like a vegetable in a boiled dinner.

With one despairing gasp—half-chuckle and half-sob—the three girls pulled themselves together and dashed on up the last flight of stairs to the Trunk Room Floor, and their own attic studio, where bumping through the darkness they turned a sulky stream of light upon a room more tired-looking than themselves, and then, with almost fierce abandon, collapsed into the nearest resting-places that they could reach.

It was a long time before any one spoke.

Between the treacherous breeze of the open window and a withering blast of furnace heat the wilted muslin curtain swayed back and forth with a languid rhythm. Across the damp night air came faintly the yearning, livery smell of violets, and the far-off, mournful whine of a sick hand-organ.

On the black fur hearth rug Rhoda, the red-haired, lay prostrated like a broken tiger lily with her long, lithe hands clutched desperately at her temples.

"I am so tired," she said. "I am so tired that I can actually FEEL my hair fade."

Ruth, the little Public School Teacher, laughed derisively from the pillowed couch where she struggled intermittently with her suffocating collar and the pinchy buckles on her overshoes.

"That's nothing," she asserted wanly. "I am so tired that I would like to build me a pink-wadded silk house, just the shape of a slipper, where I could snuggle down in the toe and go to sleep for a—million years. It isn't to-morrow's early morning that racks me, it's the thought of all the early mornings between now and the Judgment Day. Oh, any sentimental person can cry at night, but when you begin to cry in the morning—to lie awake and cry in the morning—" Her face sickened suddenly. "Did you see that Mother downstairs?" she gasped, "fixing that curl? Think of having a Mother!"

Then Noreen Gaudette opened her great gray eyes and grinned diabolically. She had a funny little manner of cartooning her emotions.

"Think of having a Mother?" she scoffed. "What nonsense!— THINK OF HAVING A C-U-R-L!"

"You talk like Sunday Paper debutantes," she drawled. "You don't know anything about being tired. Why, I am so tired—I am so tired—that I wish—I wish that the first man who ever proposed to me would come back and ask me—AGAIN!"

It was then that the Landlady, knocking at the door, presented a card, "Mr. Ernest T. Dextwood," for Miss Gaudette, and the innocent-looking conversation exploded suddenly like a short-fused firecracker.

Rhoda in an instant was sitting bolt upright with

her arms around her knees rocking to and fro in convulsive delight. Ruth much more thoughtfully jumped for Noreen's bureau drawer. But Noreen herself, after one long, hyphenated "Oh, my H-E-A-V-E-N-S!" threw off her damp, wrinkled coat, stalked over to the open window, and knelt down quivering where she could smother her blazing face in the inconsequent darkness.

For miles and miles the teasing lights of Other Women's homes stretched out before her. From the window-sill below her rose the persistent purple smell of

violets, and the cooing, gauzy laughter of the Much-Loved Girl. Fatigue was in the damp air, surely, but Spring was also there, and Lonesomeness, and, worst of all, that desolating sense of patient, dying snow wasting away before one's eyes like Life itself.

When Noreen turned again to her friends her eyelids drooped defiantly across her eyes. Her lips were like a scarlet petal under the bite of her teeth. There in the jetty black and scathing white of her dress she loomed up suddenly like one of her own best drawings—pulseless ink and stale white paper vitalized all in an instant by some miraculous emotional power. A living Cartoon of "FATIGUE" she stood there—"FATIGUE," as she herself would have drawn it—no flaccid failure of wilted bone and sagging flesh, but VERVE, VERVE, VERVE—the taut Brain's pitiless rally of the Body that can not afford to rest—the verve of Factory Lights blazing overtime, the verve of the Runner who drops at his goal.

"All the time I am gone," she grinned, "pray over and over, 'Lead Noreen not into temptation.'" Her voice broke suddenly into wistful laughter: "Why to meet again a man who used to love you—it's like offering store-credit to a Pauper."

Then she slammed the door behind her and started downstairs for the bleak, plush parlor, with a chaotic sense of absurdity and bravado.

But when she reached the middle of the Bachelor Stairway and looked down casually and spied her clumsy arctics butting out from her wet-edged skirt all her nervousness focused instantly in her shaking knees, and she collapsed abruptly on the friendly dark stair and, clutching hold of the banister, began to whimper.

In the midst of her stifled tears a door banged hard above her, the floor creaked under a sturdy step, and the tall, narrow form of the Political Economist silhouetted itself against the feeble light of the upper landing.

One step down he came into the darkness—two steps, three steps, four, until at last, in choking, miserable embarrassment, Noreen cried out hysterically:

"Don't step on me—I'm CRYING!"

With a gasp of astonishment the young man struck a sputtering match and bent down waving it before him.

"Why, it's YOU, Miss Gaudette," he exclaimed with relief. "What's the matter? Are you ill? What are you crying about?" and he dropped down beside her and commenced to fan her frantically with his hat.

"What ARE you crying about?" he persisted helplessly, drugged, man-like, by the same embarrassment that mounted like wine to the woman's brain.

Noreen began to laugh snuffingly.

"I'm not crying about anything special," she acknowledged. "I'm just crying. I'm crying partly because I'm tired—and partly because I've got my overshoes on—but mostly"—her voice began to catch again—"but MOSTLY—because there's a MAN waiting to see me in the parlor."

The Political Economist shifted uneasily in his rain coat and stared into Noreen's eyes.

"Great Heavens!" he stammered. "Do you always

cry when men come to see you? Is that why you never invited ME to call?"

Noreen shook her head. "I never have men come to see me," she answered quite simply. "I go to see them. I study in their studios. I work on their newspapers. I caricature their enemies. Oh, it isn't MEN that I'm afraid of," she added blithely, "but THIS is something particular. THIS is something really very funny. Did you ever make a wish that something perfectly preposterous would happen?"

"Oh, yes," said the Political Economist reassuringly. "This very day I said that I wished my Stenographer would swallow the telephone."

"But she didn't swallow it, did she?" persisted Noreen triumphantly.

"I said that I wished some one would swallow the telephone and she *did* swallow it!"

Then her face in the dusky light flared piteously with harlequined emotions. Her eyes blazed bright with toy excitement. Her lips curved impishly with exaggerated drollery. But when for a second her head drooped back against the banister her jaded small face looked for all the world like a death-mask of a Jester.

The Political Economist's heart crinkled uncomfortably within him.

"Why, you poor little girl," he said. "I didn't know that women got as tired as that. Let me take off your overshoes."

Noreen stood up like a well-trained pony and shed her overshoes.

The Man's voice grew peremptory. "Your skirt is sopping wet. Are you crazy? Didn't have time to get into dry things? Nonsense! Have you had any supper? What? N-O? Wait a minute."

In an instant he was flying up the stairs, and when he came back there was a big glass of cool milk in his hand.

Noreen drank it ravenously, and then started downstairs with abrupt, quick courage.

When she reached the ground floor the Political Economist leaned over the banisters and shouted in a piercing whisper:

"I'll leave your overshoes outside my door where you can get them on your way up later." Then he laughed teasingly and added: "I—hope—you'll—have—a—good—time."

And Noreen, cleaving for one last second to the outer edge of the banisters, smiled up at him, so strainingly UP, that her face, to the man above her, looked like a little flat white plate with a crimson-lipped rose wilting on it.

Then she disappeared into the parlor.

With equal abruptness the Political Economist changed his mind about going out, and went back instead to his own room and plunged himself down in his chair, and smoked and thought, until his friend, the Poet, at the big writing-desk, slapped down his manuscript and stared at him inquisitively.

"Lord Almighty! I wish I could draw!" said the Political Economist. It was not so much an exclamation as a reverent entreaty. His eyes narrowed sketchily across the vision that haunted him. "If I could draw," he persisted, "I'd make a picture that would hit the world like a knuckled fist straight between its selfish old eyes. And I'd call that picture 'Talent.' I'd make an ocean chopping white and squally, with back clouds scudding like fury across the sky, and no land in sight except rocks. And I'd fill that ocean full of sharks and things—not showing too much, you know, but just an occasional shimmer of fins through the foam. And I'd make a sailboat sooting along, tipped 'way over on her side toward you, with just a slip of an eager-faced girl in it. And I'd wedge her in there, wind-blown, spray-dashed, foot and back braced to the death, with the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, and weather-almighty roaring all around her. And I'd make the riskiest little leak in the bottom of that boat rammed desperately with a box of chocolates, and a bunch of violets, and a large paper compliment in a man's handwriting reading: 'Oh, how CLEVER you are.' And I'd have that Girl's face haggard with hunger, starved for sleep, tense with fear, ravished with excitement. But I'd have her chin UP, and her eyes OPEN, and the tiniest tilt of a quizzical smile bounding you like mad across the snug, gilt frame. Maybe, too, I'd have a woman's magazine blowing around telling in chaste language how to keep the hair 'smooth' and the hands 'velvety,' and admonishing girls above all things not to be eaten by sharks! Good Heavens, Man!" he finished disjointedly, "a girl doesn't know how to sail a boat anyway!"

"W-H-A-T are you talking about?" moaned the Poet. The Political Economist began to knock the ashes furiously out of his pipe. "What am I talking about?" he cried; "I'm talking about GIRLS. I've always said that I'd gladly fall in love if I only could decide what kind of a girl I wanted to fall in love with. Well, I've decided!" The Poet's face furrowed. "Is it the Much-Loved Girl?" he stammered. The Political Economist's smoldering temper began to blaze. "No, it isn't," ejaculated the Political Economist. "The Much-Loved Girl is a sweet enough, airy, fairy sort of girl, but I'm not going to fall in love with just a pretty valentine."

The Poet's face furrowed. "Is it the Much-Loved Girl?" he stammered. The Political Economist's smoldering temper began to blaze.

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"Going to try a 'Comic'?" the Poet suggested pleasantly.

The Political Economist ignored the impertinence. "I am reasonably well off," he continued meditatively, "and I'm reasonably good-looking, and I've contributed eleven articles on 'Men and Women' to modern economic literature, but it's dawned on me all of a sudden that in spite of all my beauteous theories regarding Life in General, I am just one big Shirk when it comes to Life in Particular."

The Poet put down his pen and pushed aside his bottle of riming fluid, and began to take notice.

"Whom are you going to fall in love with?" he demanded.

The Political Economist sank back into his chair.

"I don't quite know," he added simply, "but she's going to be some tired girl. Whatever else she may or may not be, she's got to be a tired girl."

"A tired girl?" scoffed the Poet.

"That's no kind of a girl to marry."

Choose somebody who's all pink and white freshness. That's the kind of a girl to make a man happy."

The Political Economist smiled a bit viciously behind his cigar.

"Half an hour ago," he affirmed, "I was a beast just like you. Good Heavens! Man," he cried out suddenly, "did you ever see a girl cry?"

C-R-Y, I mean. Not because her manicure scissors jabbed her thumb,

but because her great, strong, tyrant, sexless brain had goaded her poor little woman-body to the very cruellest, last vestige of its strength and spirit. Did you ever see a girl like that Miss Gaudette upstairs—she's the Artist, you know, who did those cartoons last year that played the devil itself with 'Congress Assembled'—did you ever see a girl like THAT just plain thrown down, tripped in her tracks, sobbing like a hurt, tired child? Your pink and white prettiness can cry like a rampant tragedy-queen all she wants to over a misfitted collar, but my hand is going here and now to the big-brained girl who cries like a child!"

"In short," interrupted the Poet, "you are going to help—Miss Gaudette sail her boat?" "Y-e-s," said the Political Economist. "And so," mocked the Poet, "you are going to jump aboard and steer the young lady adroitly to some port of your own choosing?"

The older man's jaws tightened ominously. "No, by the Lord Almighty, that's just what I am Not going to do!" he promised. "I'm going to help her sail to the Port of her own choosing!"

The Poet began to rummage in his mind for adequate arguments. "Oh, allegorically," he conceded, "your scheme is utterly charming, but from any material, matrimonial point of view I should want to remind myself pretty hard that overwrought brains do not focus very easily on domestic interests, nor do arms which have tugged as you say at 'sheets' and 'tillers' curve very dimly around youngsters' shoulders."

The Political Economist blew seven mighty smoke-puffs from his pipe. "That would be the economic price I deserve to pay for not having arrived earlier on the scene," he said quietly.

The Poet began to chuckle. "You certainly are hard hit," he scoffed. "Political Economy Gone to rime with Hominy! It's an exquisite scheme!"

"It's a rotten rime," attested the Political Economist, and strode over to the mantelpiece, where he began to hunt for a long piece of twine.

"Miss Gaudette," he continued, "is downstairs in the parlor now entertaining a caller—some resurrected beau, I believe. Anyway, she left her overshoes outside my door to get when she comes up again, and I'm

going to tie one end of this string to them and the other end to my wrist, so that when she picks up her shoes a few hours later it will wake me from my nap, and I can make one grand rush for the hall and—"

"Propose then and there?" quizzed the Poet.

"No, not exactly. But I'm going to ask her if she'll let me fall in love with her."

The Poet sniffed palpably and left the room.

But the Political Economist lay back in his chair and went to sleep with a great, pleasant expectancy in his heart.

When he woke at last with a sharp, tugging pain at his wrist the room was utterly dark, and the little French clock had stopped aghast and clasped its hands at eleven.

For a second he rubbed his eyes in perplexity. Then he jumped to his feet, fumbled across the room and opened the door to find Noreen staring with astonishment at the tied overshoes.

"Oh, I wanted to speak to you," he began. Then his eyes focused in amazement on a perfectly huge bunch of violets which Noreen was clasping desperately in her arms.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "Is anybody dead?"

But Noreen held the violets up like a bulwark and commenced to laugh across them.

"He did propose," she said, "and I accepted him! Does it look as though I had chosen to be engaged with violets instead of a ring?" she suggested blithely. "It's only that I asked him if he would be apt to send me violets, and when he said: 'Yes, every week,' I



"I wish that the first man who ever proposed—"



She knelt quivering in the darkness



"Don't step on me—I'm crying!"

just asked if I please couldn't have them all at once. There must be a Billion dollars' worth here. I'm going to have a tea-party to-morrow and invite the Much-Loved Girl." The conscious, childish malice of her words twisted her lips into an elfish smile. "It's Mr. Ernest Dextwood," she rattled on: "Ernest Dextwood, the Coffee Merchant. He's a widower now—with three children. Do—you—think—that—I—will—make—a—good—stepmother?"

The violets began to quiver against her breast, but her chin went higher and higher in rank defiance of the perplexing SOMETHING which she saw in the Political Economist's narrowing eyes. She began to quote with playful recklessness Byron's pert parody:

"There is a tide in the affairs of women
Which taken at its flood leads—GOD
KNOWS WHERE."

But when the Political Economist did not answer her, but only stared with brooding, troubled eyes, she caught her breath with a sudden terrifying illumination. "Ouch!" she said. "O-u-c-h!" and wilted instantly like a frost-bitten rose under heat. All the bravado, all the stamina, all the glint of her, vanished utterly.

"Mr. Political Economist," she stammered, "life—is—too—hard—for—me. I am not Rhoda Hanlan with her sturdy German peasant stock. I am not Ruth MacLaurin with her Scotch-plaited New Englandism. Nationality doesn't count with me. My Father was a Violinist. My Mother was an Actress. In order to marry, my Father swapped his music for discordant factory noises, and my Mother shirked a dozen successful rôles to give one life-long, very poor imitation of Happiness. My Father died of too much to drink. My Mother died of too little to eat. And I was bred, I guess, of very bitter love, of conscious sacrifice—of thwarted genius—of defeated vanity. Life—is—too—hard—for—me—ALONE. I can not finance it. I can not safeguard it. I AM NOT SEAWORTHY! You might be willing to risk your own self-consciousness, but when the DEAD begin to come back and CLAMOR in you—when you laugh unexpectedly with your Father's restive voice—when you quicken unexplainably to the Lure of gilt and tinsel—" A whimper of pain went scudding across her face, and she put back her head and grinned—"You can keep my overshoes for a souvenir," she finished abruptly. "I'm not allowed any more to go out when it storms!"

Then she turned like a flash and ran swiftly up the stairs.

When he heard the door slam hard behind her, the Political Economist fumbled his way back through the darkened room to his Morris chair, and threw himself down again. Ernest Dextwood? He knew him well,

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a prosperous, kindly, yet domestically tyrannical man, bright in the office, stupid at home. Ernest Dextwood! So much less of a girl would have done for HIM.

A widower with three children? The eager, unspent emotionalism of Noreen's face flaunted itself across his smoky vision. All that hunger for Life, for Love, for Beauty, for Sympathy, to be blunted once for all in a stale, misfitting, ready-made home? A widower with three children! God in Heaven, was she as tired as THAT!

It was a whole long week before he saw Noreen again. When he met her at last she had just come in from automobiling, all rosy-faced and out of breath, with her thin little face peering almost plumply from its heavy swathings of light-blue veiling, and her slender figure deeply wrapped in a wondrous covert coat.

Rhoda Hanlan and Ruth MacLaurin were close behind her, much more prosaically garnished in golf capes and brown-colored mufflers. The Political Economist stood by on the stairs to let them pass, and Noreen looked back at him and called out gaily:

"It's lots of fun to be engaged. We're all enjoying it very much. It's bully!"

The next time he saw her she was on her way downstairs to the parlor, in a long-tailed, soft, black evening gown that bothered her a bit about managing. Her dark hair was piled up high on her head, and she had the same mischievous, amateur-theatrical charm that the blue chiffon veil and covert coat had given her.

Quite frankly she demanded the Political Economist's appreciation of her appearance.

"Just see how nice I can look when I really TRY?" she challenged him, "but it took me all day to do it, and my work went to smash—and my dress cost seventy dollars," she finished wryly.

But the Political Economist was surly about his compliment.

"No, I like you better in your little business suit," he attested gruffly. And he lied, and he knew that he lied, for never before had he seen the shrewd piquancy of her eyes so utterly swamped by just the wild, sweet lure of girlhood.

Some time in May, however, when the shop windows were gay with women's luxuries, he caught a hurried glimpse of her face gazing rather tragically at a splurge of lilac-trimmed hats.

Later in the month he passed her in the Park, cuddled up on a bench, with her shabby business suit scrunched tight around her, her elbows on her knees, her chin burrowed in her hands, and her fiercely narrowed eyes quaffing like some outlawed thing at the lusty new green grass, the splashing fountain, the pinky flush of flowering quince. But when he stopped to speak to her she jumped up quickly and pleaded the haste of an errand.

It was two weeks later in scorching June that the biggest warehouses on the river caught fire in the early part of the evening. The day had been as harsh as a shining, splintery plank. The night was like a gray silk pillow. In blissful, soothing consciousness of perfect comfort every one in the boarding-house climbed up on the roof to watch the gorgeous, fearful conflagration across the city. The Landlady's voice piped high and shrill discussing the value of insurance. The Old Maids scuttled together under their knitted shawls. The Much-Loved Girl sat amiably enthroned among the bachelors with one man's coat across her shoulders, another man's cap on her yellow head, and two deliciously timid hands clutched at the coat-sleeves of the two men nearest her. Whenever she bent her head she trailed the fluff of her hair across the enraptured eyelids of the Poet.

Only Noreen Gaudette was missing. "Where is Miss Gaudette?" probed the Political Economist.

The Masseuse answered vehemently: "Why, Noreen's getting ready to go to the fire. Her paper sent for her just as we came up. There's an awful row on, you know, about the inefficiency of the Fire Department, and there's no other person in all the city who can make people look as silly as Noreen can. If this thing appeals to her to-night, and she gets good and mad enough, and keeps her nerve, there'll be the biggest overhauling of the Fire Department that YOU ever saw! But I'm sorry it happened. It will be an all-night job, and Noreen is almost dead enough as it is."

"An 'all-night job'?" The Much-Loved Girl gasped out her startled sense of propriety, and snuggled back against the shoulder of the man who sat nearest to her. She was very genuinely sorry for any one who had to be improper.

The Political Economist, noting the incident in its entirety, turned abruptly on his heel, climbed down the tremulous ladder to the Trunk Room floor and knocked peremptorily at Noreen's door.

In reply to the answer which he thought he heard, he turned the handle of the door and entered. The gas jet sizzled blatantly across the room, and a tiny blue flame toiled laboriously in a cooking lamp beneath a pot of water. The room was reeking strong with the smell of coffee, the rank brew that wafted him back in nervous terror to his college days and the ghastly eve

of his final examinations. A coat, a hat, a mouse-gray sweater, a sketch-book, and a bunch of pencils were thrown together on the edge of the divan. Crouched on the floor with head and shoulders prostrate across her easel chair and thin hands straining at the woodwork was Noreen Gaudette. The startled face that lifted to his was haggard with the energy of a ear rallied to the needs of an hour.

"I thought you told me to come in," said the Political Economist. "I came down to go to the fire with you." Noreen was on her feet in an instant, hurrying into her hat and coat, and quaffing greedily at the reeking coffee.

"You ought to have some one to look after you," persisted the man. "Where's Mr. Dextwood?"

Noreen stood still in the middle of the floor and stared at him.

"Why, I've broken my engagement," she exclaimed, trying hard to speak tamely and reserve every possible fraction of her artificial energy.

"Oh, yes," she smiled wanly, "I couldn't afford to be engaged! I couldn't afford the time. I couldn't afford the money. I couldn't afford the mental distraction. I'm working again now, but it's horribly hard to get back into the mood. My drawing has all gone to smash. But I'll get the hang of it again pretty soon."

"You look in mighty poor shape to work to-night," said the Political Economist. "What makes you go?"

"What makes me go?" cried Noreen, with an extravagant burst of vehemence. "What makes me go?—Why, if I make good to-night on those Fire-Department Pictures I get a Hundred Dollars, as well as the assurance of all the Republican cartooning for the next city election. It's worth a lot of money to me!"

"Enough to kill yourself for?" probed the Man. Noreen's mouth began to twist. "Yes—if you still owe for your automobile coat, and your black evening gown, and your room rent and a few other trifles of that sort. But come on, if you'll promise not to talk to me till it's all over." Like a pair of youngsters they scurried down the stairs, jumped into the waiting cab, and galloped off toward the river edge of the city.



"I came down to go to the fire with you"

True to his promise, the Political Economist did not speak to her, but he certainly had not promised to keep his eyes shut as well as his mouth. From the very first she sat far forward on the seat where the passing street lights blazed upon her unconscious face. The Man, the cab, love-making, debt-paying, all were forgotten in her desperate effort to keep keyed up to the working point. Her brain was hurriedly sketching in her backgrounds. Her suddenly narrowed eyes foretold the tingling pride in some particular imagining. The flashing twist of her smile predicted the touch of malice that was to make her pictures the sensation of—a day.

The finish of the three-mile drive found her jubilant, prescient, pulsing with power. The glow from the flames lit up the cab like a room. The engine bells

clanged around them. Sparks glittered. Steam hissed. When the cabman's horse refused to scorch his nose any nearer the conflagration, Noreen turned to the Political Economist with some embarrassment. "If you really want to help me," she pleaded, "you'll stay here in the cab and wait for me."

Then, before the Political Economist could offer his angry protest, she had opened the door, jumped from the step, and disappeared into the surging, rowdy throng of spectators. A tedious hour later the cab door opened abruptly, and Noreen reappeared.

Her hat was slouched down over her heat-scathed eyes. Her shoulders were limp. Her face was dull, dumb, gray, like a Japanese lantern robbed of its candle. Bluntly she thrust her sketch-book into his hands and threw herself down on the seat beside him.

"Oh, take me home," she begged. "Oh, take me home QUICK. It's no use," she added with a shrug. "I've seen the whole performance. I've been everywhere—under the ropes—up on the roofs—out on the waterfront. The Fire Department Men are not 'inefficient.' They're simply BULLY! AND I MAKE NO CARICATURES OF HEROES!"

The lurch of the cab wheel against a curbstone jerked a faint smile into her face. "Isn't it horrid," she quizzed, "to have a Talent and a Living that depend altogether upon your GETTING MAD?" Then her eyes flooded with worry. "What SHALL I do?"

"You'll marry me," said the Political Economist.

"Oh, no!" gasped Noreen. "I shall never, never marry any one! I told you that I couldn't afford to be engaged. It takes too much time, and besides," her color flamed piteously, "I didn't like being engaged."

"I didn't ask you to be engaged," persisted the Political Economist. "I didn't ask you to serve any underpaid, ill-fed, half-hearted apprenticeship to Happiness. I asked you to be married."

"Oh, no!" sighed Noreen. "I shall never marry any one."

The Political Economist began to laugh. "Going to be an Old Maid?" he teased.

The high lights flamed into Noreen's eyes. She braced herself into the corner of the carriage and fairly hurled her defiance at him. Indomitable purpose raged in her heart, unutterable pathos drooped around her lips. Every atom of blood in her body was working instantly in her brain. No single drop of it loafed in her cheeks under the flimsy guise of embarrassment.

"I am not an 'Old Maid'! I am not! I am not! No one who creates anything is an 'Old Maid'!" The passion of her mood broke suddenly into wilful laughter. She shook her head at him threateningly.

"Don't you ever dare to call me an 'Old Maid' again. —But I'll tell you just what you can call me.—Women are supposed to be the Poetry of Life, aren't they—the Sonnet, the Lyric, the Limerick? Well—I AM BLANK VERSE. THAT is the trouble with me. I simply DO NOT RIME.—That is all!"

"Will you marry me?" persisted the Political Economist.

Noreen shook her head. "No!" she repeated. "You don't seem to understand. Marriage is not for me. I tell you that I am Blank Verse. I am TALENT, and I do not rime with LOVE. I am TALENT and I do not rime with MAN. There is no place in my life for you. You can not come into my verse and rime with me!"

"Aren't you a little bit exclusive?" goaded the Political Economist.

Noreen nodded gravely. "Yes," she said, "I am brutally exclusive. But everybody isn't. Life is so easy for some women. Now, the Much-Loved Girl is nothing in the world except 'Miss.' She rimes inevitably with almost anybody's kiss.—I AM NOT JUST 'MISS' The Much-Loved Girl is nothing in the world except 'Girl.'—She rimes inevitably with 'Curl.' I AM NOT JUST 'GIRL.' She is 'Coy' and rimes with 'Boy.' She is 'Simple' and rimes with 'Dimple.' I AM NONE OF THOSE THINGS! I haven't the Lure of the Sonnet. I haven't the Charm of the Lyric. I haven't the Bait of the Limerick. At the very best I am 'Brain' and rime with 'Pain.' And I wish I was DEAD!"

The Political Economist's heart was pounding like a gong smothered in velvet. But he stooped over very quietly and pushed the floor cushion under her feet and snuggled the mouse-gray sweater into a pillowed roll behind her aching neck. Then from his own remotest corner he reached out casually and rallied her limp, cold hand into the firm, warm clasp of his vibrant fingers.

"Of course, you never have rimed," he said. "How could you possibly have rimed when—I AM THE MISSING LINES OF YOUR VERSE?" His clasp tightened. "Never mind about Poetry to-night, Dear, but TO-MORROW we'll take your little incomplete lonesome verse and quicken it into a Love-Song that will make the Oldest Angel in Heaven sit up and CAROL!"



Diabolo



ONE thought him dead these sixty years. No one thought more about him. Suddenly he was signaled in a corner of Paris. The next day he was seen in three different quarters, the following day in ten, in a fortnight he had taken possession of the capital, in a month he had conquered the province. The streets are his, his the squares and the public gardens; he is everywhere; you can not step out without being exposed to seeing him drop upon you. He is in the sky and on the ground, and nothing can protect you from his attacks. He has killed children in broad daylight at the Tuileries. Tremble when you see him appear and from afar let echo repeat: 'Fra Diabolo, Fra Diabolo!'

Thus, according to our gifted contemporary, the "Revue Illustrée," diabolo came back to Paris. It is all over France now and the British Isles; and is beginning to spread in the United States. It is a game played with a sort of double-headed top. This top is spun in the loop of a string, thrown into the air, and caught when it comes down, still spinning. A French boy succeeded in spinning it thus nearly four thousand times without missing.

"Mr. Punch" recently printed a communication from a British diabolist, "determined that the Old Country shall not be put to shame by a wretched French child." The writer, evidently a young man, had been calling on a young lady who had ridden round her garden on a bicycle throwing up her top and catching it, as she rode. "And do you know," she said, "I can not—I simply can not—do that more than four thousand-nine hundred and ninety-eight times."



How they taught diabolo a century ago

"I got up" [continues "Mr. Punch's" contributor], "and began to spin."

"This is rather neat," I said; "but, of course, quite simple."

"I threw the bobbin high into the air, and started very rapidly to recite Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' . . .

"A snow-white-ram-and-in-the-crystal-flood-another-and-the-same"—Bother," I ended in a breath, as I caught the spool. 'I finished it yesterday all right. Still, I got well into Book Nine, which isn't so bad.'

"Splendid," said Miss Middleton. 'I can never do much while mine's in the air. I suppose I don't get it high enough.'

"It's a matter of practise. You start with an epigram—"Ich Dien," or something of that sort,

Diabolo is a great game for girls

and work up through Keats's Odes and "Maud" to "The Excursion," which is the North London record. "The Faery Queen" of course is one's ambition."

"I did rather a good thing the other day that I want to show you. But let's go in and have some tea first."

"We had muffins for tea. I particularly like muffins. I took the thickest I could find, and began to spin it on my diabolo string. Then I threw it in the air, and caught it in my mouth."

"That's neat," said Miss Middleton. "Of course, you want rather a—I mean there are some people—What I mean is that it isn't everybody who could do that."

"That is the Welsh record," I said simply. "One. It beats all the previous records by one."

"Miss Middleton suddenly went over to the fireplace. 'Have you a bootlace on you?' she asked."

"Well, I have two; but—"

"Would you lend me one? I'll give it you back."

"She tied the lace on to the ends of the tongs, opened them out, and balanced the coal-box on the loop."

"The spinning is easy enough, you know," she said, "but I can't promise to catch it more than twenty times. James is said to have done it twenty-one times, which is the Home Counties record, but of course he has to do it before any of us are down, so we can't say if it's really true. . . ."

"I don't know that I like these fancy tricks," I said. "That muffin one, of course, was all right, and the tongs performance is—well, not uninteresting, but I hold that the diabolist who sticks to his own proper implements is the truest sportsman."

"But you did the muffin very neatly."

"I know. But that was simply a bit of practise. I'm going to a diabolo dinner to-night. You have to spin everything before you are allowed to eat it."

"I hope there won't be any soup," said Miss Middleton.

"Soup. By Jove, I hadn't thought of that. Well, I must be off. Good-by. Keep on practising, won't you? I want you to get fairly good at it."

"Rather. Of course, we're only beginners, but I think we have the idea all right. Don't you?"

Diabolo was much played in France in the year 1812. M. Gustave Philappart, a French engineer, came across some of the old implements and improved on them, and with the aid of Mr. C. B. Fry of England started the present interest in the sport. Abroad diabolo is even played over a tennis net, the top and string taking the place of the usual tennis ball and racket. It is a game that requires little strength, but a great deal of knack and skill—a perfect game, in short, for women to play.

"Contests are organized," continues the appreciative "Revue Illustrée." "There are established records; the game adorns itself with the august halo of sport. All humanity seems bewitched; these ritualistic gestures, incessantly

The Man

By HELEN WHITNEY

THE flame is spent, I can no more
Hold the tall candle by your door;
Too often have I watched to see
Your lagging steps come home to me.

THE Tyrian traders taught me this;
They came perfumed with ambergris,
With amethystine robes, and hair
Curled by the kisses of salt air.

THEY mocked me for my weary hands
Holding your light as love demands;
They sang the lure of popped sleep,
Their lips were warm, their eyes were deep.

THE flame is spent:—your pale weak face
Must seek another resting-place:
Win me and hold me now who can—
The Tyrian trader was a man.



An old French idea of the possibilities of the game

repeated over all the surface of the globe, these millions of multi-colored diabolos in perpetual going and coming between earth and sky, seem the strange manifestations of some pagan cult, mysterious and solemn offerings made by entire humanity to the divinities on high to render them propitious. Obscure materialization of the instinct which torments men and drives them to undertake conquests of the air; tangible image of our secret ambitions for winged victories; the budding century explores childishly, with the aid of a game, that beautiful aerial realm which, without doubt, it will have the glory of conquering before its death! . . .

"Its form, even, is symbolic, that which frivolous men carelessly make to dance about is an image of the august hour-glass of Time itself

"The children alone continue in their rôle in playing thus with the terrible Old Man. They alone, for whom the hours have no price, have the right to toss about the redoubtable instrument which measures them so pitilessly. For them, besides, *le diable* has only smiles. Their grace is exquisite—these urchins waiting, their eyes turned upward to receive the spinning top as it falls. You can't help admiring their activity, the nervous animation of arms sharply snapped out like springs, the reaching out of all their fragile little body

toward that point in space where the capricious birdlet whirls—always ready to elude the embrace of the string passionately offered to prevent the cruel fall to the ground, which would transform it so sadly into a little corpse without wings.

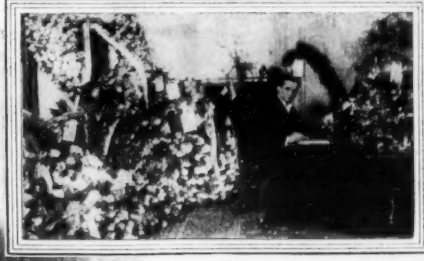
"And while meditative spirits watch these efforts and these falls, the image of illusions and human passions, men of more positive frame of mind will rejoice at the sight of a sport which lifts the little children up from their melancholy squatting about little

mud houses and through the beneficial exercise of throwing out their chests, holding up their heads, and stretching out their arms—will beautify the frail bodies of our young girls and prepare, without doubt, a youthful generation with the shoulders and the bosoms of goddesses!"

A generation less solicitous about "*adolescentes aux épaules de déesses*" apparently is in power in New York, and at last accounts the playing of diablo was to be prohibited in Central Park.



Mayor Fitzgerald in distinguished company on "Dorchester Day," during "Old Home Week."

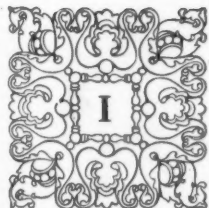


The splendid Floral triumph of "Honey Fitz's" Inaugural day, when he became Mayor of Boston

The Mayor of Boston

The Story of how "Honey Fitz" became Mayor Fitzgerald, being the Second of Two Articles on an American Statesman

By GEORGE KIBBÉ TURNER



IN 1901, being for the time out of a political job, Fitzgerald bought a newspaper.

The "Republic" was an old Irish weekly. It was established in 1882 by Patrick Maguire, the Democratic boss of Boston, for use principally as a political pamphlet during the campaigns. The town was flooded with them then, but through the rest of the year the circulation died down to small proportions. Since Maguire's death it had fallen lower still. Fitzgerald paid \$500 for it in 1901; its assets were a few antique desks and forms and imposing tables in a dingy, greasy, old-time printing office on Washington Street. Apparently the "Republic" was no bargain to any one but Johnny Fitz.

But Johnny Fitz had advantages other newspaper men do not possess as a getter of advertisements. He was boss of Ward 6. He had for his own two members of the Legislature, three Councilmen, and one-third rights, so to speak, in one Alderman. He placed his brother Henry in the Senate in 1903 and 1904. And now he could not only ask favors for his ward; he could reap directly for himself. Public-service corporations could advertise with him, and Johnny Fitz did not hesitate to invite them.

Sowing the Seeds of Political Ambition

"YOU know," he is reported to have said to George J. Raymond, one of the largest Boston advertisers, "sixty per cent of the shoppers of Boston are Catholics, and my paper is the only effective medium for reaching them. Besides, if you should want anything in the Massachusetts Legislature or at City Hall, I can get it for you."

Enterprise rewards itself. Fitzgerald, according to his own statement, has made \$25,000 a year from this bankrupt weekly paper which he took over in 1901. Concerning its circulation, the American Newspaper Directory of 1907 says: "Copies printed; no definite and satisfactory statement has ever been secured from this paper since 1892, but it had credit for exceeding four thousand in 1900, and more than one thousand in 1901, and every year since up to and including 1906."

In the mean time Boston politics moved on. Thomas N. Hart, Republican, was elected Mayor in 1900 and 1901, and after him, for four years, Patrick A. Collins, Boston's most distinguished Irishman. Fitzgerald was not in the confidence of the Collins administration. He was distasteful to Collins personally, and he had been at outs with the Democratic machine which elected Collins ever since it blocked his plan of returning for a fourth term in Congress. Johnny Fitz did not sit

down and weep. There was but one thing for him to do, and there was no hesitancy on his part. Johnny Fitz started out to make himself Mayor of Boston.

First, Fitzgerald stimulated in every way dissatisfaction with the Collins rule, especially through the columns of his paper. And, one by one, as the limited patronage failed to go round, he gathered the inevitable "soreheads" into his machine. He promised all men all things; never was such a shower of promises poured out upon political Boston. Sixteen men have claimed that he promised them one particular job. And down through the foreign wards, where exact knowledge of American conditions is hazy, he set imagination free and promised everything conceivable—playgrounds, libraries, even churches. Since his administration began a younger member of an Italian family complained that he had not built the church he promised.

"Ah," said the father, "that's true, but he got us our branch post-office."

Many of the immigrants believe this.

But, most effective of all, Johnny Fitz hitched his political chariot most ingeniously to a great movement of the population of Boston. Beginning with the swarthy hordes sent westward by the Russian massacres of the early 80's, the Jews, and then the Italians, had finally driven the Irish out of Ward 6. The old North Church and Copp's Hill were surrounded by still another wave of immigration. The Irish boys, who had deferred to "Honey Fitz" when he first brought sunlight dances into Boston, were now scattered in more comfortable homes clear across the town. For fifteen years, while this scattering had taken place, Johnny Fitz had been playing louder and louder upon one familiar chord—"the dear old North End."

He had organized church societies to bring the former boys and girls together. He had talked about the ward in a lacrimose and reminiscent way, until his sentimentalism had become a byword throughout the city.

"As I came up old Hanover Street this morning—up the dear old North End," he said in one widely mimicked speech during a political crisis, "every man and child had a smile for me. It seemed as if the very paving stones rose up and greeted me. I met old Johnny Doolan on the corner. 'God bless ye, little Johnny Fitz,' he said to me, 'you deserve to win. Who sold the most tickets for the St. Stephen's Fair? Little Johnny Fitz! God bless ye, Johnny, I hope you'll win this day.'"

Some unknown but deserving humorist, taking up his favorite name for the district, called his outgoing Irish playmates from old Ward 6 "The Dearos." They live to-day in almost every ward in Boston. In spite of all the years that have gone the Irish are yet a more or less socially isolated people. There is still throughout New England the old prejudice of race and

religion. In business there is still some reason for the Irishman's firm belief in the discrimination of the old stock against him. The Irish remain clannish, forced by social conditions back upon the associations of their own race. "The Dearos," throughout the city responded warmly to the call of their old social leader.

Now Boston is proportionately the most Irish city in America. It has also more folk of Irish descent in it than Dublin, the chief city of Ireland. An Irishman can be counted on to vote. Of the vote of Boston, politicians claim that sixty per cent is Irish. There is no approach to such a proportion among the greater cities of the United States, nor any other city of Irish-populated New England. Boston, besides, is one of the most foreign cities of the country—somewhat less so than Chicago, but just about the equal of New York. Of about 561,000 people in 1900, only 156,000 were of native parentage, and at least one-half of these were third or fourth generation descendants of the Irish. With the Italians and other Catholics, the Catholic vote of the city reaches well toward seventy-five per cent of the total.

Now here were Fitzgerald's assets—the "soreheads" of the Collins administration, his promises, his organization of city job-holders, his loud championship of the Irish. He joined twenty-two of the strongest fraternal and Catholic organizations; he spoke on all occasions. And now select groups of "Dearos" and Jefferson Club members met him on his oratorical travels and yelled fiercely: "Little Johnny Fitz, the next Mayor of Boston!" on slight provocation. And so the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston, prepared to come up out of Ward 6.

Fitzgerald's "Down with the Bosses" Campaign

WARD 6 in Boston has a population of some 30,000.

Of the 30,000 about 3,000 can vote. It has 10,602 poll-tax payers; of these just 380 pay other taxes. The assessed valuation of the city of Boston is a billion and a quarter. The voters of Ward 6 pay taxes on only \$2,000,000 of property—mostly stock in trade of small stores. That is to say, they pay one-sixth of one per cent of the taxes of Boston. By the manipulation of his power in this ward as a basis, John F. Fitzgerald made himself Mayor.

In 1905 Mayor Collins died before his term of office expired. Fitzgerald immediately jumped out for the mayoralty nomination. The Democratic machine produced—by an inopportune truce with the notorious boss of Ward 8—a Lomasney candidate. Fitzgerald blandly started into a campaign based upon that favorite text of civic righteousness: "Down with the Bosses!"

The Fitzgerald campaign of 1905 was unlike anything familiar to the civilized political world. It was a whirling procession of automobiles, breaking the speed-law

from one ward rally to another. The formation was generally as follows: First, Fitzgerald and six others in a big red automobile; following, two more automobiles with stenographers and reporters. On electric cars, squads of "Dearos" and Jefferson Club members rushed alternately from ward to ward to greet the candidate, carrying him in on their shoulders and starting the yelling. The rallies were carefully scheduled. The squads moved forward on their itineraries with precision, one squad always just ahead of the candidate's automobile. The squads were as carefully trained as a stage chorus. They knew their exits and their entrances and their secret code of signals. When Fitzgerald stretched out his hand protesting against the wild applause they responded with more noise; when he turned up his thumbs they went silent; when he hesitated and rubbed his hands they burst spontaneously forth again.

How "Honey Fitz" Became Mayor

THE town was plastered with posters—Fitzgerald's portrait in their centre, and around it, in glaring type, "The people, not the bosses, must rule. Bigger, Better, Busier Boston." Before the Boston Democracy came to its senses it was whirled off its feet. The young Napoleon of Ward 6 had made good his revised Napoleonic motto: "What I want I get." Fitzgerald was Democratic nominee of Boston.

In the campaign Fitzgerald's firm and growing belief that he was a "man of destiny" found confirmation. Republicans split on a close vote in the primaries, and Fitzgerald's lieutenants, by clever underground work, helped to stimulate the candidate beaten for the nomination to run independently at the poll. The whirlwind campaign continued. Fitzgerald had spoken in every ward in Boston the night before the caucuses. He spoke twenty-eight times on the last night of the Mayoralty campaign. All this cost money, of course. It was the most expensive Mayoralty campaign Boston ever saw. It cost the regular Republican candidate \$60,000; it cost Fitzgerald twice that, but somewhere, somehow, Fitzgerald found the agencies to finance him.

But it was not money which won the campaign; it was action, ingenuity, and boundless, cheerful effrontery. For thirteen years Johnny Fitz had held Ward 6 obedient and cheerful by public jobs. He extended that one basic system of ward politics over all the city. He set up an employment bureau for applicants for public work, keeping a card catalogue system of filing the names, desires, and qualifications of every applicant, with a clerk in charge to take care of it.

He won the men by practical attentions; he won the women by the old and natural wiles of "Honey Fitz." He went to all the dances. "Introduce me to your sister; she's the best dancer in the hall," was a favorite request to the "Dearos." He visited the counters of department stores. And he introduced a real political novelty in the form of a "soda-water campaign," in which he treated the women through the important wards at the drug stores. But more than all this, he ingratiated himself through the use of the "Society and Clubdom" columns in his "Republic"—where the affairs of Back Bay and the North End were adroitly intermingled, and the personal and social interests of a population unused to public notice were described with detail and poetic efflorescence.

"He got me through the women," said one ward leader sadly. "Every time I went into their houses, and tried to tell the men the truth the women would pipe up and 'Johnny Fitz this and Johnny Fitz that' till they simply talked me down and out."

And so "Honey Fitz" arrived at last to his destiny as Mayor. His public laborers worked for him, the women worked for him, the Catholic clergy—for whom he had done real and legitimate service—worked for him. But most of all he worked for himself. For forty-two hours before his election he did not taste sleep. But he would not have been elected Mayor even then if it had not been for his "destiny." He was a minority candidate; if two candidates had not split the Republican vote he would have been beaten by several thousand in a city where the normal Democratic majority is at least 15,000 votes. This meant, first of all, that one of his strongest appeals was not successful. The Irish were not solidly with the professional Irishman. There were elements who could not vote for him.

Building Up a Fitzgerald Machine

THE new Mayor of Boston was a man forty-two years of age, who, up to this time, had lived all his life, directly or indirectly, upon politics. He had had no real business training. He was elected because of his leadership in a ward which paid one-sixth of one per cent of the city's taxes. All at once this man had become the head of a great organization which spent \$300,000 a day and controlled the great interests of 600,000 people. They are controlled more absolutely than in most cities, because the Boston Charter, after an old plan of obtaining responsibility in government, centres the appointing power in the Mayor. Responsibility—thanks to Boston's system—was now centred in "Honey Fitz." He organized according to his natural idea of the proper organization of city government.

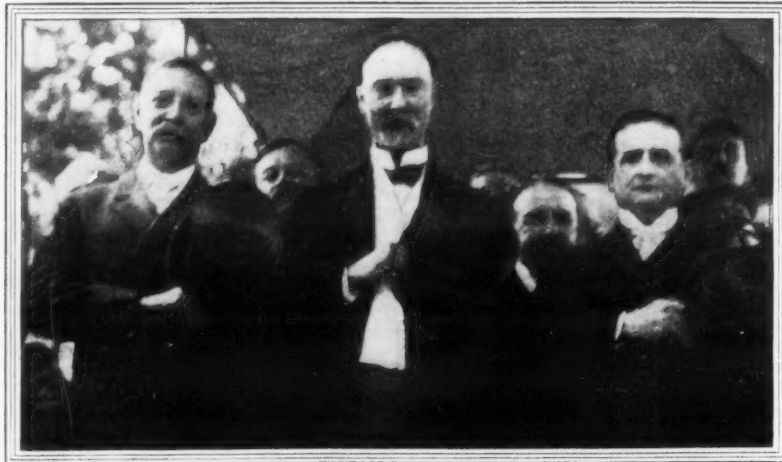
For Superintendent of Streets he chose a liquor dealer who had been expelled from the Legislature for election frauds. The Superintendent of Sewers was a whitewasher and furniture polisher. The Superinten-

dent of Supplies was an undertaker. A saloon-keeper displaced a doctor on the Board of Health. The Superintendent of Public Buildings and the Wire Commissioner were liquor dealers.

The chief difficulty with the administration came now in furnishing jobs to pay all its debts. The ingenuity of "Honey Fitz" was equal to the occasion. He split the Street Department into six pieces with separate heads. He created the strange office of City Dermatologist at \$4,000, and gave it to a most prominent "Dearo," son of the old leader of Ward 6. He found a horse-doctor enjoying the satisfying income of



Mayor Fitzgerald's present home in Dorchester



A greeting to the people during "Old Home Week"—Mayor Fitzgerald, at the right, Vice-President Fairbanks, and Gov. Guild of Massachusetts

\$6,000 or \$7,000 a year for doctoring city horses and split this revenue between four or five others. The Deputy Collectors of Taxes were increased from sixty-two to eighty-three by an assortment of bartenders, undertakers, and politicians. And still the hungry office-seekers, with their promises, hung around the gates of City Hall. There is a limit to what a city can do.

This was the general story of the Fitzgerald organization of public affairs. In the mean while, his private interests were prospering beyond, it is believed, those of any of Boston's politicians past or present. Politically, these were turned over to the care of the "royal family"—the six brothers now living. Henry, the Ward 6 saloon-keeper, is the confidential political representative of the Mayor. "See Henry," is the Mayor's routine answer to applicants for favor, which has hardened into local slang. Eddie and Jim, the other saloon-keepers, and George, the brewery salesman, are managers of wards. Mike is a policeman; occasionally he has been seen accommodating city contractors, with whom he seems quite intimate, by paying off their men. Joe is the only member of the family considered incapable of participating in its affairs. He draws \$1,100 a year from the city for carrying to City Hall the daily traffic report from Warren Bridge, a service performed for other bridges by the United States mail. In recognition of this unusual task he is known throughout the city as the "human postage stamp."

Fitzgerald's private business, the "Republic," capitalized now at \$300,000, has flourished wonderfully since he became Mayor. The public-service corporation advertisements have swelled to great proportions. Just what these companies pay is a matter of private contract and varies as such contracts do, but a favorite quotation to advertisers is \$300 a page.



Henry Fitzgerald, saloon-keeper, brother and chief political aid of the Mayor

In the first seventy-eight issues after Fitzgerald's election the New England Telegraph and Telephone Company carried sixteen full-page advertisements and thirty-four others of varying size. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company had five full pages and fourteen others. The New England Gas and Coke Company, the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, the Boston and Maine Railroad, the Boston Elevated (which rarely advertises elsewhere the rather patent fact that it is running a railway in the streets of Boston), all placed big advertisements—full pages and columns. City contractors and bankers appeared frequently and at considerable length; in one special issue of the "Republic" the city banks carried fourteen and a half pages.

Why the Mayor's Newspaper Pays

A DIRECTOR of one bank, anxious to secure some city deposits, went to Fitzgerald and said:

"Mr. Mayor, our bank has apparently been slighted in the matter of receiving city money."

"What?" exclaimed Fitzgerald: "Haven't you a good deposit? This must be rectified at once!"

The next morning \$20,000 of city funds came to the bank, and shortly after this a man with a contract for a \$300 advertisement in the "Republic."

Fitzgerald's cousin is the active manager of the newspaper now, but Fitzgerald is still in close touch with it. He is active enough for the work of any two men, and has been ever since he reached his teens. He still boasts of the time—in his courting days—when he surprised the farmers of Acton by picking twelve barrels of apples in one day. It is a record which stands to this time. His friends point with pride to the afternoon, during a recent vacation in Old Orchard, Maine, when he displaced a hired pitcher on a picked nine, and, in the remaining seven innings, struck out sixteen men on the opposing team which, in the first two innings, had been winning. One evening's leisure, after the day's work, is catalogued by a newspaper man who attended him through it. It included six banquets, at each of which the Mayor spoke, seven dances and socials, and a visit, just as dawn was breaking, at a humble house in the tenement district, where an acquaintance lay dead. At eight the next morning the Mayor was at his desk.

Fitzgerald brings his rushing, whirlwind personality into play in his official capacity. He is a great promoter and advertiser of Boston. His campaign cry: "Bigger, Better, Busier Boston," has been prolonged into his administration. The "Old Home Week" of last summer crystallized his idea of booming a city. Ostensibly, it was planned to bring back the old inhabitants. Really, it was a great public holiday of the foreign people of the city. Puritanic Boston held aloof, the "old homers" never came, but all the great cosmopolitan population enjoyed a gorgeous festival. Fitzgerald uttered fifty speeches, more than 160,000 words, his utterances being framed for him by the "literary secretary" who writes his personal speeches. He talks with a rush—some two hundred words a minute. He likes always in these formal talks to use a poetical quotation or two. "They give tone," he says, "and the people like tone." And always he can be relied upon to claim everything for himself. The big voting population gazed at the fine pageant of "Old Home Week," and remembered one man—exclaiming like old Ward 6: "Little Johnny Fitz is a wonder!"

There is one point, however, at which this very public man is sensitive. He fears ridicule morbidly. His enemies claim that he has never yet forgotten the characterization which Grosvenor bestowed upon him when he was in Congress. Fitzgerald lives in Dorchester now, in a refitted mansion of the towered grandeur of the architecture of the '70's. In rehabilitating the house he put into it a stained glass window, bearing all the coats of arms of the many families of Fitzgeralds. In one, to which his family is entitled, his enemies claim, there is an ape with outstretched palms. This is relegated to the group of many others in the border, but the shield he has chosen for the centre is one belonging to another branch of the Fitzgeralds. Above it is the motto: "Shawn a Bo!"—John the Bold.

Unfortunately the administration of John the Bold has been an unsatisfactory one for Boston. It has been costly—not more costly perhaps than that of others before him. He has managed most adroitly in manipulating the expenses of the city. But the peculiar system of practising politics in Boston has reached its most brilliant flowering in his rule. There has been growing in the city the fear that this creating of jobs, this stimulation of city contracts, was bankrupting Boston. John the Bold has been, and is, under fire. Another mayoralty election is coming on. The city is asking itself if "Honey Fitz," alias "Young Napoleon," alias "Johnny Fitz," is really the type of statesman it wants at the head of its affairs. If not, the city must hustle to beat him, for the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald is not less bold and energetic than when he was washing his big brothers' faces and telling Ward 6 what to think.

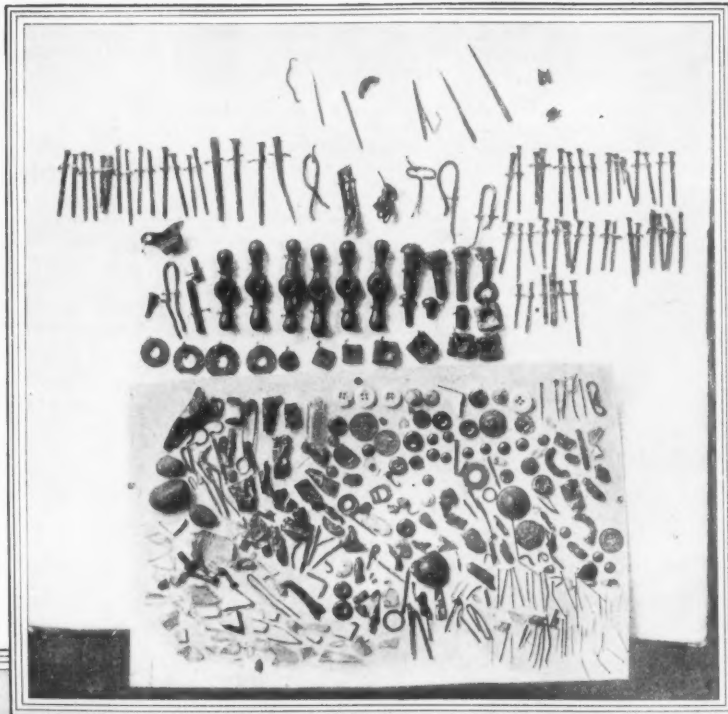


Derelict Chinese female children in the Siccawei Refuge.—Female infanticide is common among the poorer classes of China, and this refuge was established thirty years ago by the Jesuits to stop the practise. The institution, which shelters one thousand children, is supported by the voluntary contributions of Catholic children throughout the world

By-Products of the World's Work

China Reforming

THOUGH China, under the urging of such reformers as Yuan Shih-Kai, is coming to the front as a modern nation, many of the obnoxious customs of the old régime still exist. One of these is the decreasing practise among the poor and ignorant of putting to death female infants who will become only a source of expense to the family. Probably the custom is doomed to early extinction. Under a recent edict of the Empress Dowager, China is declared to be a constitutional monarchy, a national parliament is to be assembled, the old Manchu-Chinese feud is to be settled, at least so far as officially recognizing any distinction between them is concerned, opium-smoking is to be given up, foot-binding among the women is to be abolished, and compulsory universal education is to prevail. "Anything to make China strong" is the rallying cry of the reformers. By his vigorous work in reorganizing the army, Yuan Shih-Kai has shown the way to all sorts of revisers. Leaders educated in the Japanese colleges and the universities of Europe are increasing, and they are practically in control now



A Real Human Ostrich

THE articles here pictured were taken from the stomach of a patient in the East Mississippi Insane Hospital who died recently of tuberculosis. The articles numbered over three hundred, and weighed one and three quarter pounds. Among them were included one key, sixty-five nails, six faucet handles, twelve screws, ten iron nuts, four washers, thirty pieces of tin, twelve bits of stone, twenty-eight metal buttons, fifty pieces of glass, thirteen fragments of china, sixteen scraps of wire, thirty pins, two glass bottle stoppers, seventeen tacks, and two small pieces of money. The patient who had swallowed these things was a young man of twenty-three, afflicted with mental trouble of a mild type. Two years after being confined in the asylum, he complained of stomach trouble, but so secretly had he indulged his abnormal appetite that it was not suspected. The only evidence of his craving for an unusual diet that was noticed was his habit of eating plaster. It was not suspected that he had swallowed any other foreign matter. The autopsy showed no perforation of the walls of the stomach



A Maine Tramp-Cage

THE steel cage pictured here is a Maine sheriff's modification of the old stocks and pillory idea. This official had been seriously troubled by an influx of tramps to the town in which he did police duty. He found that putting the tramps in jail was an inadequate punishment. It furnished them food and shelter, and the ignominy of imprisonment had no effect on the professional hobo. It occurred to this sheriff, however, that if he enclosed the tramp in a cage which could be wheeled through the streets, and exposed freely to public view, it would lighten his work

Stylish Women of Padang

ON the west coast of Sumatra, styles are as extreme sometimes as in Paris or Vienna. The women of Padang consider a long neck as much a mark of beauty and distinction as the Chinese women, under the old régime, considered that the miniature foot was a mark of breeding. The belle of Padang is the one who can wear the tallest bronze collar





Mr. Warfield's first entrance in "The Grand Army Man"

Plays and Players

By ARTHUR RUHL



Mr. Brian and Miss Jackson in "The Merry Widow"

WHEN the days grow short and frosty and folks come flocking back to town certain pictures awaken and float fondly across the autumnal mind—things one would dream of, perhaps, locked away on some little explorer's ship and frozen in the Arctic ice. There is the brisk beauty of the Avenue, for instance, at dusk, just as evening is beginning to hang out her first premonitory lamps. There are people seated about a dinner table, suffused in a grateful harmony of lights, colors, perfume, and flowing talk. There is the dusky arc of a theatre's orchestra stalls, just as the house settles back into a sense of communal pleasure and, beyond the warm glow of the footlights, the curtain rises on some gracious world of comedy.

It is the privilege of city dwellers to participate in these things, to paint these always interesting and sometimes even beautiful composite pictures by the mere process of living. They go to the play, for instance—not a unit of them, perhaps, able to draw a cat so that you could tell it from a dog—and forthwith create a picture, certain exquisite qualities of color or variations of light which Degas himself could not paint.

It is their right to enjoy this "work" of theirs. Indeed, with so many pieces but indifferently good, is not such a Super Audience too often the only possible one that can get enjoyment from the play? It is not often, however, that theatre-builders respect this right. The auditorium is too deep or gaunt. The decorations bawl and jeer. The lights affront and offend. Harmony there is and can be none.

Making the Audience at Home

TURN we now to the playhouse newly opened in Forty-fourth Street. Beneath it, a deep-breathing Atlas, supporting its vulgar weight, is discerned the sturdy figure of Bim the Button Man. Standing on him, one eye carefully on the public, a left hand lightly brushing aside a drooping lock from the forehead, after the manner of careless genius, the gifted Mr. Belasco. On his shoulders, absorbed in paint and mellowed lights, color magic to "tie" the whole together, the silent slave of the lamp, Mr. Wilfred Buckland, and the artist, Mr. Everett Shinn.

"Not a mere auditorium," such is their statement of purpose, "a space in which a certain number of unrelated human units should be gathered by the mere chance that each had paid the price of a ticket of admission, but a living room in a high sense of that sometimes commonplace phrase . . . a room wrapped in the atmospheric intimacy of which the spectator would feel not so much that he was in a public place as in a private house to which he had been personally invited." To this end, an auditorium extremely shallow, lights veiled in tinted glass whose color is borrowed from the decorations against which they are placed, a soothing color scheme—amber, golden browns, dusty gray, orange, and faded green blues—in which the whole interior is floated, all have contributed. To a very satisfying extent their purpose is attained. Whatever the Stuyvesant Theatre may come to mean, it realizes this dream of picture of people at the theatre more perfectly than in New York, at least, it has been realized before.

It was pleasantly appropriate that the new playhouse should be opened with a piece so thoroughly American as "The Grand Army Man." It is the work of Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, rewritten by Mr. Belasco. The action takes place in a small Indiana county seat in the early '80's. Wes' Bigelow, the Grand Army

man, had loved a girl who married another man. The other man was killed in battle, and after the war was over and the mother also dead, Bigelow adopted his rival's son and enveloped him with his pent-up and hitherto futile affection. At the opening of the play the young man is sent by Bigelow and the other "old Vets" of the town to deposit in the bank \$1,000.47, which, with the tireless help of the Woman's Relief Corps and a prodigious number of ice-cream sociables, they had scraped together to pay for the new G. A. R. hall. The unsophisticated youth, in love and crazy to make a million right away so that he may marry, falls in with a sharper who readily persuades him to invest the money in stocks. In three or four days, he assures young Bigelow, he will return it three or four fold.

Of course the money is lost, and the announcement of the boy's disgrace comes on the night of opening the new hall, just as the children are singing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," the W. R. C. ladies pouring lemonade, and the veterans saluting the old battle flag and congratulating Wes' on having a fine boy like Robert, who could be trusted to ride off on his bicycle to a neighboring town with a thousand dollars in his

the worst that he can achieve is bathos; the best, something very worthy indeed, and refreshingly American and new.

And this, indeed, Mr. Belasco has done. "The Grand Army Man" expounds no new philosophy or illuminating criticism of life, but it does serve as a natural and plausible framework on which to hang a series of effective and deftly joined situations and all that wealth of realistic detail which, as Mr. Belasco and his co-worker, Mr. Buckland, present it, is in itself a kind of creative literature. The suggestive realism of Wes' Bigelow's sitting-room—a sort of embodied domestic poem—the opening of the G. A. R. hall, the old court-room, with its lifelike counsel and audience, together with lines ingeniously laden with colloquial humor and pathos and even, now and then, real dramatic fire and patriotic eloquence, merge into a picture very real and American and one which puts the Grand Army man in a light in which the present generation perhaps too seldom sees him.

Mr. Warfield, dropping his dialect altogether, gives a performance so simple, real, and moving that one can not escape the hope of seeing him soon in a rôle that will even more highly test his powers. Now that

Mansfield is gone it is not worthy the remarkable talent he possesses that it should be wholly devoted to parts which, however excellent as far as they go, inevitably become, when played night after night for years, the mere means of fortune-grabbing. The company is excellent, especially Mr. William Elliott as the unfortunate young man, Miss Marie Bates as Bigelow's housekeeper and a sort of foster-mother to his adopted son, Mr. Reuben Fax, a comrade of Bigelow's, who acts as Robert's counsel in court, and Miss Antoinette Perry, who plays the young girl's part with charming freshness and sincerity.

As Done in Vienna

OUT of Vienna, where the waltzes come from, appears at last, after dancing over most of Europe, "The Merry Widow," née "Die Lustige Witwe," to show us the difference between musical comedies without music and a musical comedy without comedy. Not quite that, perhaps, although the book is rather stupid, Mr. Savage's comedians not as funny as they might be, and the English lyrics have all the chic and charm of the translated side of the grand-opera libretto. The music—the same, of course, which had delighted Vienna for nearly five hundred nights before Mr. Savage achieved the happy thought of bringing the opera over here—is charming;

the scenes—in the embassy at Paris, in the lovely widow's gardens, and at Maxim's—are satisfying, brilliant, and Mr. Donald Brian, who dances like the waltz-god himself, and Miss Ethel Jackson, as the merry widow, sing and dance the famous waltz song with captivating grace and expressiveness. There is much more than the waltz, however, already familiar to New Yorkers who listen to restaurant music. There is the triumphant waltzing exit of the first act, a stirring example of expressing in music the spirit of a scene, an example, too, of the Viennese way of putting into waltzes snap and vigor, vivacious challenge, a mad rush of spirits, instead of the placid tinkle, so general with us, and the swooning languor so common to the popular waltz songs that wander over here from Paris. Then there is the young embassy attaché's exquisite "Clo . . . Clo" song, reminiscent of "Wienerblut," the dashing Hungarian dance, a brisk septet for the men, the widow's sorrowful little "Vilia" in the second act—plenty to keep suburban pianos busy and happy.

Has any one, by the way, observed the ease with which the whistlers, feeling round for the famous waltz the next morning, drift into Grieg's mournful "Ase's Tod?"



Mr. Warfield, Miss Marie Bates, and Mr. William Elliott in "The Grand Army Man"

pocket. Aware of this much of the plot, that Robert loved the proud judge's daughter, and that the judge—a white-livered villain who stayed at home from the war—not only forbade the match, but presided at Robert's trial and sent him to the penitentiary, from which he emerged six months later, pardoned in time for a happy ending, the astute reader will ask no more. Mr. Belasco's inspired local color, Mr. Warfield's extraordinary power for quaint realism and homely pathos, old Vets, battle flags, thwarted young love—it is, as the saying goes, almost a shame to take the money.

And, happily for the public, this is so. Mr. Belasco is so congenial a sob-grabber and snatcher of applause that when his material is false his nimble wire-pulling becomes almost intolerable. At his worst, perhaps, abetted by the crude emotionalism of Mrs. Leslie Carter, in such a play as "Adrea," here his ingenuity for arranging effects, his real genius for appealing photographic detail, appears at its best. There are such fathers, such sons, such G. A. R. men, such emotions as these. They not only exist, they are an integral part of the life of almost every provincial American community. With this really genuine stuff to manipulate,

Different as it is from the run of our musical shows, in which any really dramatic or poetic idea floated in expressive music counts for so little, this exotic comes with a fresh and haunting charm.

What, by the way, has become of that other Viennese success, "Das Süsse Mäd'l," which charmed so many at the Irving Place three or four years ago? It was said then that the American rights had been secured. Less ambitious than "The Merry Widow," it had much the same golden-sparkling Viennese charm, and one would like to see how they would be received were "Das ist das Süsse Mäd'l" or "Wie entzückend sind Sie, Baronin" given such an orchestra and scenes as are lent this later success.

Similar as a popular success, but wholly different in type, is Mr. Lew Fields's latest, "The Girl Behind

the Counter." This is our familiar musical "show" carried to the Nth degree. Here is not only Mr. Fields and the specially imported, quaintly-elephantine Miss Connie Eddiss, but three solid program-pages of names. The two scenes showing the interior of a London millinery shop and an outdoor restaurant are lavish. The dresses of the salesladies, cash-girls, etc., have all the finish of the work of a discriminating modiste. It must have cost a mint of money—a fact in which the audience takes a certain quaint pride and vicarious pleasure—and it costs at least the price of two orchestra tickets to get a seat from which you can see.

There is no coherent idea, nor haunting music, but it is all interesting, and Mr. Fields, in his scene with the new hotel waiters and as an amateur soda-water fountain clerk, trying to serve two ladies who say they

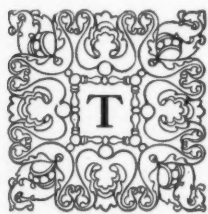
think they will have chocolate—"You think you will have chocolate?" says Mr. Fields—is very legitimately funny. Miss Connie Eddiss, with her droll Cockney accent, assists him admirably. Where so many are engaged it is difficult to individualize, but one may scarcely ignore the very superior get-up of Miss Lotta Faust in the second scene. Miss Faust is exquisitely slim and finished—no silk stockings more sleek, no back straighter, no raven locks more perfectly marcelled. In this scene her bodice and short incrustated skirt are of a curious submarine peacock blue. There is the least flash of a yellow lining at the bottom and on the left shoulder, just exquisitely not clashing with the blue, a purple orchid. Miss Faust has grown up on Broadway, but "Je vous dis que c'est à voir," is what she seems to say.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

III—The Financial Breakdown

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY, whichever gentleman or gentlemen does such useful work there: HON. MR. SIR:—



THANK you to know, Mr. Editor gentleman, those drawing-pictures which you made to print with my letter of last two time were less best beautiful thing for Japanese Boy to see. Tell your printer, please, not to do so. Therefore I will make my own drawing-pictures for this letter which same is best beautiful portraits for all Japanese artists to look at, thank you. Thank you again.

This U. S. country is now at present enjoying great panic of banking business. I do not participate in this calamity, because I am making less salary than required for banking surplus. Therefore I am not objecting to present money shake-down except because I have none, and yet frequently I hear of stock-jump falling down grade until it is broken and useless for finance. Yes, also several banking-business go under. "Under what?" is question for me. For reply I hear each get-poor gentleman say "Wall Street" pointing to Augustus Heinz on map.

This thoroughfare, Wall Street, must be magnificent place for some persons to enjoy. My Cousin Nogi explain how about that avenue. "That is very rich place for gilding," he response, "each sidewalk there is paved with gold money which broker gentlemen do not care for. Stock exchange and many banking establishments there are constructed solidly of gold-brick."

"Nogi," I relate, "you often know something. Thank you to answer 6 questions which I have prepared upon letter-paper for reply."

"Relate such troubles to some editors," say Nogi taking derby to go call on Miss Mabel Sanjio which he is engaged to marry when divorced. Therefore I supply those 5 questions about Financial trouble for you to look at, Mr. Sir:

1. When Stocks makes upstart motion why do it act so rather than stand stationary?

2. When Stocks makes downstart movement, what for is the reason and what would stop it?

3. Some gentlemen is called "broker"—what does he break to get such names?

4. When money is lost in Wall St. can this be recovered by advertising in newspaper?

5. Can you give Japanese Boy name and address of some honorable gentleman who might tell accurately what time some stocks will be making upstart movement soon?

Why do bank-houses burst? That is more easy answer than those questions about Wall St. jumping of stocks. Banks burst because there is nothing inside and pressure from outside causes cave-in of walls. Why is there nothing in banks when so bursted? Because persons make runnings on these banks in order to take outside what is inside. Maybe one man have \$1,000 in this bank-house. He go around to that place to see if these money is comfortable there.

"Is my thousand dollar remaining comfortable in this deposit?" he require of Hon. Pay-Teller.

"Yes, please," respond this Financier, "all such moneys is right deposited where put."



"Thanks to know, Mr. Banker," retort American gentleman. "If you please, permit me to carry it from place to place in my pocket which I have."

"You are obliged to it," demand the Pay-Teller and take \$1,000 from deposit, where was, to pocket of American gentleman, where is. Soon numerous American gentlemen learn about take-out of \$1,000, so all make running-stampede to bank-house where they say to Pay-Teller.

"Give us each \$1,000 to carry from place to place in our pockets which we have in our clothes!"

"You are obliged to it," response the Pay-Teller. So he deposit \$1,000 to all persons until bank-house bursts down and Wall St. enjoys frequent panic of fear.

This show plainly that bank-houses bursting is blame of people who do it. Rich men enjoying poverty are much stabbed by financial breaking. Rich men enjoying large incomes of money are not so stung.

TO avoid financial panic therefore persons should have too much wealthy for this. How to get this money is question for Japanese Boy. How did each great American gentleman acquire such millions? If Japanese Boy could know how, he might follow example of Industry Captains and get exalted likewise. So I put on my derby to discover about this success in business.

To Hon. Mr. Strunsky who keep saloon I go with enquiry. Like all Irish gentlemen Mr. Strunsky is sweet-hearted when not enjoying angry fit.

"Tell me to know, Hon. Strunsky," I examine, "how does this Rockefeller acquire such many things?"

"He is successful in grafting," response Mr. Strunsky.

"Thank you to response how Hon. Harriman also do so?" I talk.

"He is fine grafter," suggest this Irish gentleman.

"In what profession do Hon. Hill, Hon. Lawson & Hon. Rodgers train themselves for it?"

"Graft!" response Mr. Strunsky making blinking motion of eye.

Thanks so much to Mr. Strunsky I go away improved. I have now chosen career to which I shall apply my mental thought. Grafting profession is good thing for Japanese Boy to learn because this lead to famous success and renown in American life. Maybe I go back

Japan and teach this knowledge in University of Tokyo.

To become great famous like Rockefeller, etc., must require so much book-study of grafting. Where to get such books? My uncle Shoji, who study learning at California university, say that grafting is sometime taught by professors together with law-courses. I go to S. F. public library & there find volumes about farming, architecture, warfare, arithmetic, socialism & religion, but no book to tell how grafting should be done by a beginner wishing to do so.

MANY persons speak of Hon. Abe Reuff, now residing in jail, as grafter. This do not be so. Grafters are famous gentlemen, and therefore must be great & good. This Hon. Reuff is not so, for why would he be there in that jail then? He is so caged up for dishonestness. I would not study grafting of dishonest man, because he might not teach me right. What did Wm. Shakespeare, the great book-maker, say so? "Act well your part, others take notice."

Hon. Sir, do you pay cash-money for poetical thought like following rhythm?

POETRY requesting Hon. F. Augustus Heinz to teach grafting to Japanese schoolboy

Noble man, you tell me so
Something I require to know?
Where I go and what I do
Learn be wealthy man like you?

Money-king
Pulling string,
Up-stock, down-stock, everything!

Many person say to me,
"Save your money like John D."
Have to save much long to get
Hundred million dollar yet!

Start too late,
No can wait
Save up cash at such slow rate.

Other person speak more frank,
"Go take shoot-gun, hold up bank."
That way sinful, for I know
Honest Grafter not do so,

Where you take
What you make?
Tell me how for mercy sake!

Some folks say, "It not wise plan
Get-rich-quick from stock-talk man."
John get-rich-quick by such game—
Why not Jap Boy do the same?

One—two—three,
Out goes he—
John stay in (that place for me!)

Tell me, please, what thing I need,
What course study, what book read,
Make Success of all can do,
Be Great Grafter same like you?

Be great man,
Make all can,
Teach this Graft to dear Japan.

ARTHUR KICKAHAJAMA, missionary boy, come to me to day and make tearful cries because I have decided to be Grafter instead of learning missionary job. When he know that I am firmtooth to my purpose he tell me this story about antique Japan:

Seven million years previously to the present Japan dynasty the great philosopher Nichi Nichi sat down to make fishing-sport by small stream-creek of Yeddo. While engaged in putting angly-worm bait on fish-hook he look down in stream-creek and observe twelve thousand sucker-fish in water making eye-wink at angly-worm bait.

"This would be remarkable luck for Japanese fisherman," he respond, dipping angly-worm in puddle. But sucker-fish no care for diet just then and perch on bottom making smiles through gills.

Nichi Nichi is excited by obstinacy of sucker-fish. He put on caterpillar-bait. Nothing to do. He try corn-beef diet for fishes. They refusal, thank you. He spit on bait to bring favor of fish-god. Sucker-fish not care for this pains-taking, however.

Then philosopher Nichi Nichi enjoy angry rage throwing fish-pole to grass, tearing beard and speeching these,

"O tell me, sucker-fish, is it not truth that you are reputed most easy of all fish that practise swimming in these brook near Yeddo?"

And the twelve thousand sucker-fish, making smiles through gills, raise fins to universal sky and response,

"O Nichi Nichi, philosopher, we are that."

"Then tell me to know, idiotic waggletails, why you no care for delicious baits I provide for eating?"

"Because this," reject all these fish together flipping tails to dog-star, "we have ate them baits before—caterpillar, angly-worm, corn-beef we have ate and been caught by those. Never again, thank you so much."

"Oh, quite well!" exclamation that great man. "Then I shall offer you some new rare bait which fishes shall eat only this once time, because so scarce to get."

With these remark the wise Nichi Nichi take all baits off from hook. Then he drop bare hook in stream. All them sucker-fish cease to smile with gills and make hungry grab at hook, because this (they thought to themselves) was such rare chance.

As consequence of this excitement Nichi Nichi catch 12,000 sucker-fish in 1 hour 20 minutes. These he made into canned salmon and grow very wealthy from such a Graft.

At time of death-bed he remarked to wife and children, "It would be sinful to waste good Bait on poor Fishes."

So this proverb is pasted on all important Japanese tombs to-day:

"The gods have fixed the little brooks so that one sucker-fish is born each minute by clock-time. Who shall catch him, you or I?"

Hoping your printing-factory is doing good by all news and best wishes to friends

Yours Truly HASHIMURA TOGO.

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What the World is Doing

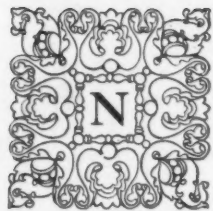
A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



The Independent Voter's Chance



NEXT year national party lines will be drawn in a hotly contested Presidential election. This year the voter, alone in the polling booth "with his pencil and his God," has luxuriated in an opportunity to strike where he has pleased. Republicans hold the field in some quarters, Democrats in others, and non-partizan tickets in others. There has been nothing to show any general partizan drift—indeed, it is hard just at present to tell with any degree of accuracy just what a Republican or a Democrat is.

It is characteristic of the "offness" of this remarkable off year that the elections of most national interest have been not in States but in cities. San Francisco, Cleveland, Toledo, and New York have had local contests which have attracted the attention of the entire country.

Probably the most important election in the entire Union was that in San Francisco. Here was no ordinary scramble of politicians, but a grim struggle in which the very salvation of a great city was at stake. It was San Francisco's first chance to pronounce a verdict at the polls upon the work of regeneration carried on through the courts during the past year. Two years ago Schmitz, after his exposure, but before his prosecution, had been able to beat a ticket nominated by the Republicans and Democrats combined. This year he directed from his cell in the County Jail a campaign against a divided opposition. The Republican Party, instead of renominating the present reforming Mayor, Dr. Taylor, had put up a machine politician, Daniel A. Ryan. Dr. Taylor had to depend upon the Democrats and upon a section of the Republicans, acting through the Good Government League. The Democracy had formerly been in the majority in San Francisco, but had been reduced to the position of an impotent third party by the defection of the labor element that had formed its backbone. The Democratic nomination, therefore, was not enough in itself to elect Mayor Taylor—it merely furnished a rallying point about which the forces of decency could gather.

The election of the Union Labor ticket, headed by Patrick A. McCarthy, would have been an appalling disaster. It would have meant the restoration of licensed vice and crime, of auctioned favors and the loot of public property on a vaster and more open scale than ever. The plunderers would have held, and with perfect justice, that that was the sort of government San Francisco wanted. The work of rebuilding the city would have been stricken with palsy. Trade would have fled, and the spirit of hope which had lived undaunted through earthquake and fire would have died. But the disaster was averted. Not only did thousands of Republicans refuse to play politics when a danger greater than that of April 18, 1906, was hanging over their homes, but thousands of honest working men refused to take orders through the bars of a jail window in the name of labor. Mayor Taylor was reelected by a plurality of something like 8,000; District Attorney Langdon, who had received the Republican and Democratic nominations, came in by 12,000, and the vigorous prosecution of the corruptionists was assured. The rebuilding of San Francisco will proceed now under an honest government, which will not tolerate bribing capitalists, rioting strikers, or grafting politicians.

It is hardly possible to conceive a sharper contrast than that between the campaign in San Francisco and that in Cleveland. San Francisco was

fighting for life; Cleveland was disputing over the question whether a good government could be made better. The central issue was that of the proper relations between the city and its street railroads. Instead of the unscrupulous and predatory corporation that had helped to debauch the politics of San Francisco, Cleveland had a street railroad company of decent instincts and practises. Tom Johnson had forced this company to offer seven rides for a quarter with universal transfers, under a twenty-year franchise. That proposition, which would have been hailed with joy in almost any other American city, was not sufficiently advanced for Johnson. He insisted upon three-cent fares, with franchises revocable at any time.

Aside from its traction record the Johnson administration asked a vote of confidence on the ground that it had made the parks "the people's commons," had opened a municipal electric plant which had destroyed the old monopoly in street lighting, had "set the pace for the world in its treatment of the poor and destitute," had made Cleveland the admiration of all America for its public improvements, had served the public in the details of daily life, had made the city one of the cleanest in America, had maintained an honest government for seven years, and had accomplished everything on a tax rate lower than in 1900. These assertions were of course denied by the Republicans, who imported the element of national politics into the campaign. Representative Theodore E. Burton was taken from his position of usefulness and honor at Washington to run against Johnson with the blessing of President Roosevelt. But Cleveland showed no disposition to take orders from the White House, and Johnson was elected for the fourth time by a plurality of 9,313—an outcome for which even his opponents may find consolation in the fact that it leaves Mr. Burton free to continue his admirable work in Congress.

Toledo had a curious campaign. Brand Whitlock, the disciple and successor of Golden Rule Jones, was appealing for reelection as an independent candidate. His opponents admitted his good intentions, but called him a "dreamy idealist," who was allowing vice to run rampant while he spun fine theories. They said that his queer theories of personal liberty had permitted Sunday liquor selling, Sunday theatricals, gambling, and the "social evil" to flourish, and they demanded the election of a mayor who would punish violations of good order with a heavy hand. They got sermons preached on this subject in the churches. The Independent Party refused to accept this definition of the issue. It said that the great issue was special privilege, especially as embodied in franchise corporations. "In every city in the land," said Mr. Whitlock, "we find this same issue presenting itself. . . . The time has come, the hour is here, when we must decide whether this city shall be ruled by its people or by its corporations, whether the city is to control monopoly, or monopoly control the city." The voters of Toledo decided to accept Mayor Whitlock's definition rather than that of his fellow novelist, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, and Mr. Whitlock was reelected by between five and six thousand.

The result of the election in New York County was a long step toward the political extinction of William Randolph Hearst. Nevertheless, the defeat of the Hearst-Republican fusion was not so crushing as some of its opponents would have liked to make it out. The Tammany candidate for Sheriff, Thomas F. Foley, beat the Fusion candidate, Maximilian Ihmsen, by a plurality of 24,917. Considering the fact that many respectable citizens,

ordinarily against Tammany, supported its ticket this time to bury Hearst, this was by no means a remarkable victory. The margin was much smaller than the normal Democratic majority in the county. The Republicans had an easy victory in Brooklyn over a demoralized Democracy led by the notorious McCarren.

From a party point of view the State elections were sufficiently characterized by the fact that Kentucky went Republican and Rhode Island Democratic. In each case the reversal was pretty well deserved. Apart from general issues there was a rather general revival of Democratic strength—that is to say, something that could be called a revival by comparison with the previous state of abject collapse. The Democrats appeared at first, for instance, to have carried New Jersey, and although later returns did not bear out this indication, the Republican majority was reduced from 80,000 to about one-tenth of that number. There was a Democratic sweep in the counties forming New Jersey's metropolitan district. In the Tilden and Cleveland days New Jersey used to be a Democratic State, but for a dozen years Jersey Democrats have forgotten what victory feels like. The comparatively near approach to success made by Mr. Katzenbach this year has been treated by some newspaper representatives of financial opinion as rebuke to President Roosevelt and a repudiation of his policies, but that view does not seem to have been at all prevalent among the people who did the voting. Their chief idea was that they were settling the question of the proper regulation of saloons.

In Massachusetts the Democracy went to smash and Governor Guild had a walkover, or rather a climb over the pieces. There were two causes for this, either one of which would have been sufficient. In the first place the Democratic Party could not agree upon a candidate and split in two. In the next place Mr. Henry M. Whitney, who had taken personal charge of the ark of the covenant of tariff reform, made public his ideas on that subject in a program so laughably futile and cowardly that no real reformer could regard it with anything but contempt. His scheme was to lower the tariff by imperceptible stages for the next twenty years and at the end of that time to leave it higher than many Republicans think it ought to be now. There is hardly a doubt that the Republican Party, under the leadership of men like Roosevelt and Taft, not to speak of La Follette, will adopt a scheme of tariff reform far bolder than that. Massachusetts gave Governor Guild 188,543 votes, against 83,492 for Whitney, "Democrat," 74,845 for Hisgen, Independence League, and 11,170 for Bartlett, "Anti-Railroad Merger." In Boston the irrepressible Moran rode over both parties by 27,000.

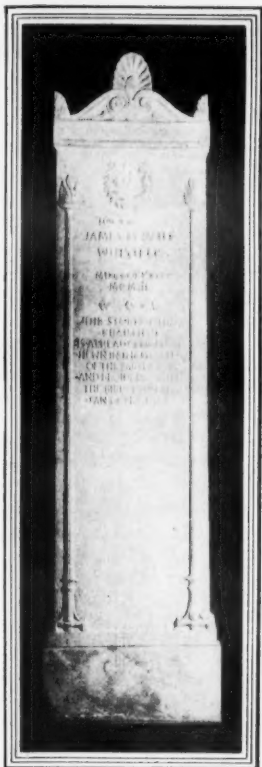
The stomach of Pennsylvania, temporarily turned two years ago by an accumulation of scandals, has now fully recovered its strength, and the exposure of the State Capitol frauds has not interfered with the election of the Republican State ticket by 175,000 majority. The successful candidate for State Treasurer, however, represents the better element of the organization. Philadelphia, too, is sleeping comfortably on the door-mat of her old political masters, like a well-fed house-dog.

The Republicans have held Nebraska and the Democrats Maryland and Virginia. The advancing tide of prohibition has swept over half of Delaware, winning the two rural counties of Kent and Sussex. Wilmington and the rest of Newcastle County continue to tolerate the saloon.

With the curiously variegated results of this month's elections the political outlook takes on a new tinge. Party spirit begins to revive. The

To Whistler's Memory

THE memorial to James McNeill Whistler by the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, unveiled at West Point on October 24, was the gift of the Copley Society of Boston. Whistler's two years at the Academy left a strong impression on his mind. Though art became his one enduring passion, he never lost interest in the records of the West Point graduates; and his enthusiasm for the American army was as well known as many of the other violent likes and dislikes which contributed to the impression of eccentricity. Rodin, the sculptor, is now at work on a statue of Whistler which is to be erected in London. Other movements are under way to erect some memorial to the painter which shall express the keen interest three countries—America, France, and England—had, not only in his work, but in his personality.



Maximilian Harden, editor of "Die Zukunft," Berlin, standing on the steps of the court-house with his lawyers. Harden was recently acquitted of the charge of libeling Count Kuno von Moltke, a close friend of the Kaiser. In his paper Harden had accused Von Moltke of being implicated in certain scandalous practices.

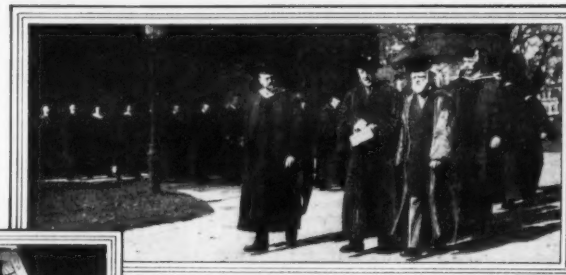
A Week's Record

Mr. Bryce at Princeton

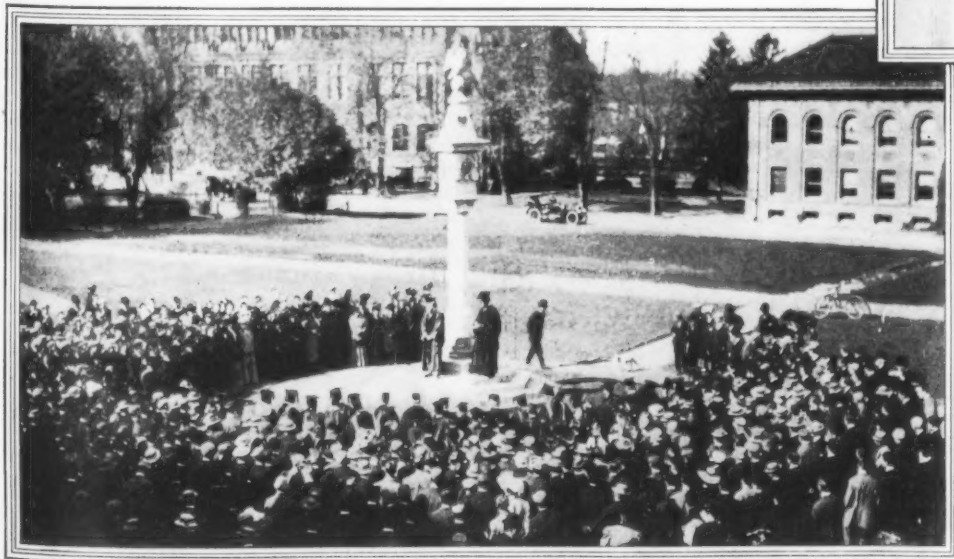
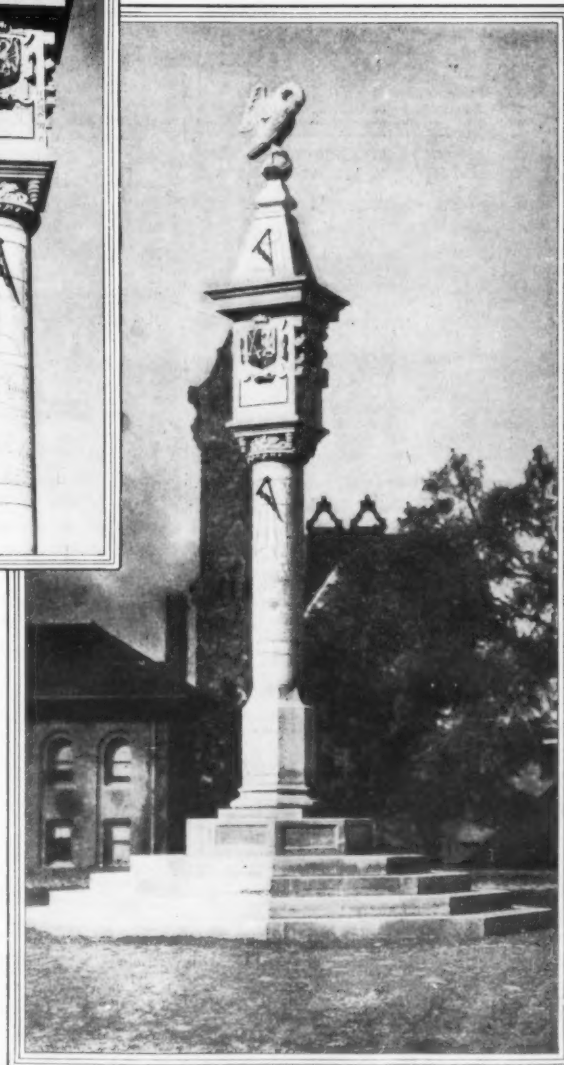
AT Princeton University on October 31, James Bryce, British Ambassador, presented on behalf of Sir William Mather, the donor, a replica of the ancient Turnbull sun-dial at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. On the same day Princeton conferred upon Mr. Bryce the degree of LL.D., and McCosh Hall, a new recitation building, was dedicated. In his speech Ambassador Bryce declared that in its methods Princeton more closely resembles Oxford than any other American college. The gift from Sir William Mather, he said, was an indication of the growing interest in the higher educational institutions of the United States by University men in England. It came from "a large-hearted Englishman who loves America as he loves England, and who desires the union of the hearts of the two peoples."



The national monument erected at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, to commemorate the building of the first locks between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, through which, in later years, a greater tonnage has passed than through any other gateway in the history of shipping.



Mr. Bryce as a Princeton LL.D.



During the dedication of the Sun-Dial at Princeton by Ambassador Bryce

The Sun-Dial at Princeton, the gift of Sir William Mather



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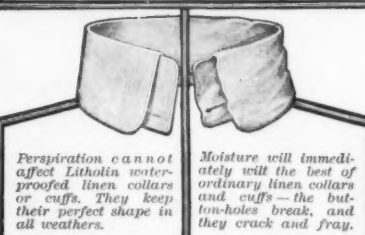
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languid skirmishes of off-year politics are over, and with the opening of the Sixtieth Congress will come the beginning of a strenuous national campaign, whose issues are as yet but dimly foreshadowed.

Financial Convalescence

The panic shows the need for currency reform

AFTER the financial panic events followed the usual course. When the crisis had passed the country found itself confronted with a variety of inconveniences, all reducing themselves ultimately to a scarcity of currency. Under our rigid and unscientific monetary system the runs on the banks had drained them of standard reserve money. The depositors would have been just as well satisfied to take bank-notes, but there was no way of rapidly increasing the supply of notes to meet the emergency. Consequently the reserve money was drawn out and largely hoarded in safe deposit vaults, tin cans, and mattresses. Every dollar so hidden away meant the destruction of four dollars of bank credits.

What was needed was an acceptable circulating medium, in sufficient quantity to meet the daily needs of business at a time when the ordinary supply of money was to a great extent in hiding. Every device permissible under the laws was adopted, and in some cases the law was pretty severely strained. In substantially all the cities of the country the banks dispensed with currency payments among themselves by issuing Clearing House certificates. They engaged about \$30,000,000 of gold for import, rushing forward cotton, wheat, copper, and other products to establish new credits abroad. American securities were sold in great volume to foreign investors at bargain prices. Arrangements were made to increase the bank-note circulation by using Government bonds previously held as security for Treasury deposits and substituting other collateral for the latter purpose.

With all this there was still a shortage in the supply of currency passing from hand to hand. Speculators bought money at premiums of two or three per cent, paying in certified checks. In many cases wages were paid wholly or partly in checks, which went to pay tradesmen's bills. Some banks issued cashier's checks for one dollar and upward, with a view to having them go into general circulation—a scheme which scraped the very edge of the law. In short, all the experiences of the panic of 1893 were repeated. The straits of the business world, confined to no section, but extending to every corner of the Union, brought the question of currency reform out of the shadows of abstract discussion into the spot light of the most practical kind of practical politics. No great reform is ever adopted in this country because it seems theoretically desirable. There must be the pinch of an urgent present necessity. The psychological moment for currency reform seems to have come; the President is known to favor it; the bankers, who have never been able to unite before, are under heavy bonds to agree now, the politicians have the necessary stimulus of popular interest and the outlook is favorable for action at the coming session of Congress which will make a currency famine impossible in future.

The Blossoming of Rio

A marvelous transformation in the Brazilian capital

THE world has heard a good deal since last year's Pan-American Congress about the wonderful work of civic improvement in progress at Rio de Janeiro, but it is doubtful whether the magnitude of that work is even yet fully appreciated. Consul-General G. E. Anderson thinks it probable "that no city in the world has ever made such great improvements in so short a time," and not only that, but that "no other city in the world is likely to equal the record, because it is doubtful if there is another city similarly situated, either naturally, financially, or politically."

In considering the development of a national capital it is natural for Americans to compare it with Washington. Rio de Janeiro has 811,265 inhabitants. Washington has about 330,000. The Brazilian capital, like that of the United States, forms a Federal District of its own. Washington is a charming seat of government, with growing social, literary, artistic, and scientific activities, but it is not yet a metropolis. Rio de Janeiro is both. It is in every respect the centre of Brazil's national life. As an example of its regard for the amenities of civilization, the city has spent \$2,632,640 on a municipal theatre, which is not yet finished. This will probably surpass in magnificence any theatre in the United States, not to speak of Washington.

In 1903 the Government prepared to spend \$36,000,000 in improving the port facilities of Rio. About the same time New York was carrying out a similar work. New York dredged, filled, built piers and covered them with commodious sheds. That was all that occurred to most of the practical men in charge of its government. Rio resolved to make the port improvements contribute to the beauty of the city. It planned a system of semicircular avenues, following the scalloped contours of the splendid bay, with straight avenues cutting bowstring fashion across the chords. Four years ago there was "a series of narrow, ill-paved, and crisscross streets, mere alleys according to the idea of American cities." Now there is a world-famed avenue with more than twenty miles of widened streets, "the system of parks connected by boulevards, the plazas paved and improved, and the entire city given an open, sunny, sanitary life."

Harriman's Ambition Balked

The Union Pacific to go out of the stock-jobbing business

MR. E. H. HARRIMAN, who told the Interstate Commerce Commission that he would be glad to secure control of all the railroads in the country if he could, has seen at last the wings of his soaring ambition severely clipped. No longer advancing from conquest to conquest, he is now in retreat, fighting to save as much as he can of his former gains. After squeezing the Alton dry, he had to surrender its remains to the Rock Island. His control of the Illinois Central was challenged by Mr. Fish, who obtained at least a temporary advantage in the late stockholders' meeting. Now the very centre of his power has been shaken by the decision of the Union Pacific

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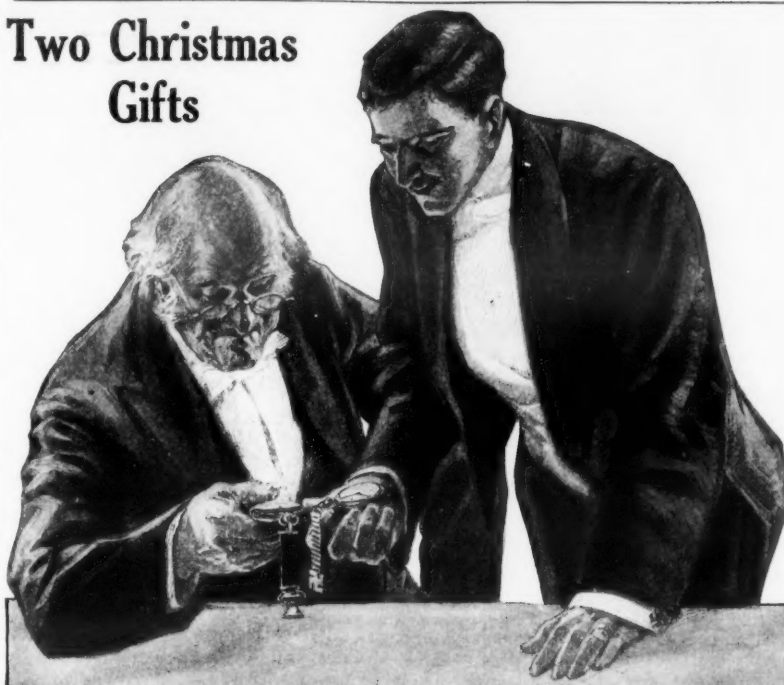
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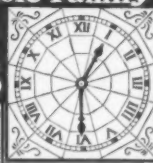
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directors to separate the stock holdings of that company from its railroad business. This plan was adopted, of course, at Mr. Harriman's suggestion, but equally, of course, the suggestion was not voluntary. It was forced by public opinion, and by the fear of unpleasant legal consequences if the Union Pacific should continue to act as a gigantic stock-jobbing machine.

This is no affair of outposts—it undermines the very citadel of Harriman rule. The Union Pacific was the chosen instrument of Mr. Harriman's ambition to make himself a railroad emperor. Its treasury was put at his disposal. His plan was to use its earnings and credit in buying the control of other railroads, and their earnings and credit in securing the control of still others, and so on until there would be no more transportation worlds to conquer. Hereafter the Union Pacific will be run as a railroad, instead of as an engine of financial warfare, and the farmers along its lines may find their crops moving to market in better time.

Life on the Isthmus

Varying views of the hardships of canal diggers

MISS GERTRUDE BEEKS, whose report to the Civic Federation on the conditions along the line of the Panama Canal aroused such favorable comment on account of their definite and practical nature, has stirred up the Isthmian authorities, and they have replied to each of her criticisms in turn. The results of this precise and definite joining of issues are much more satisfactory than the long-range exchange of compliments between Mr. Poultney Bigelow and Secretary Taft.

Miss Beeks was especially concerned about the hardships of bachelors. They had no hot water for baths, and many of them were crowded at the rate of four to a room. They needed drying rooms, and some of them had to sleep on cots. The authorities reply that cold showers at seventy-nine degrees, the average temperature of the Isthmus, are not a hardship, that bachelor quarters will be adequate when the buildings now under way are completed, that not five per cent of the American employees are now crowded four in a room, that plans for drying rooms have been submitted and two experimental ones are nearly completed, that only two per cent of the eight thousand white employees are sleeping on cots, and these only because a cargo of beds was lost at sea. Miss Beeks had advised that the employees at the Gorgona shops should be supplied with distilled drinking water circulated in pipes around ice. The response is that an ample supply of cooled distilled water for all the employees is supplied in exactly that manner. The critic said that efficient cooks were needed and that Chinese might be secured for that purpose. The authorities sadly admit that efficient cooks are needed, but say that great difficulty is experienced in securing them. Such difficulties are not absolutely unknown in the United States. As to the Chinese, they can not be secured because the laws of the Republic of Panama prevent their immigration. For the same reason, Chinese servants can not be secured for general housework.

Each complaint is taken up in this way and answered in detail. The general impression remaining is that the difficulties in the way of handling an army of over forty thousand men in a tropical climate are now being pretty well met, and infinitely better met than such difficulties ever were before or would be now if a private corporation had charge of the work. Of course, it is impossible to satisfy everybody. Some of the boarders at the Culebra Hotel complain that they have to pay thirty cents for a dinner of oyster stew, roast turkey (stuffed) with cranberry sauce, beef à la mode, sliced tomatoes, sugar corn, mashed potatoes, rice fritters with vanilla sauce, asparagus on toast, banana custard, cake, watermelon, tea, coffee, and cocoa, or for one of mixed pickles, Rhode Island clam chowder, lobster with mayonnaise, roast young turkey (stuffed) with cranberry sauce, French toast with fruit sauce, asparagus with melted butter, potatoes in cream, chocolate ice-cream, jelly cake, cheese, crackers, tea, cocoa, and coffee. Of course, the price is high, but considering the fact that the boarders are allowed to send back their plates as often as they please without extra charge, it is doubtful whether they could get the same dinners any cheaper at the Waldorf.

The Airship in America

We have lagged behind, but we may catch up

THE Aeronautic Carnival at St. Louis, with the International Aeronautic Congress in New York which followed it, may prove to have been just the stimulus needed to bring America to a determination to take its proper place in the conquest of the air. Although many of the most ingenious devices in aviation have been invented by Americans, and the American Wright Brothers are believed to have eclipsed all other aerial navigators, this country has lagged unaccountably behind Europe in the general attack upon aerial problems. The dirigible balloon is almost as familiar a feature of the Parisian sky as the Eiffel Tower, but an airship sailing over New York is enough to stop traffic on the streets. American aeronautics hitherto have consisted chiefly in dropping with parachutes from hot-air balloons at county fairs.

It appears from the addresses at the Aeronautic Congress that our military and naval authorities are not as blind as they have seemed to the results that have been accomplished abroad in the way of navigating the air. Their experiments hitherto have been mostly with drifting balloons, but they realize that in the next war the Power that wishes to have a chance of success will have to command fleets of dirigible airships. Major George C. Squiers of the Signal Corps said the great object of war was to bring about a decisive result with a minimum destruction of human life. In the Russo-Japanese war results which on the whole were not very decisive were attained through unlimited slaughter. The ideal war would be one in which the objects were gained by the application of scientific principles without killing any one.

The tendency of the airship is in just that direction. "It will enable the maneuvering of armies by strategic marches and surprises to bring about decisive results with minimum destruction of life." In naval warfare Admiral Chester finds in the airship "the long-sought antidote against the attacks of submarines." Its elevation enables the observer to follow the movement

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of submarines under water as well as to detect floating and stationary mines. Admiral Chester thinks that while the dirigible balloon is suitable for armies the aeroplane should be developed in the navy. "It is peculiarly a naval weapon because of its compactness, the fact that on shipboard it would always be near a machine shop—a necessary factor in operating so delicate a piece of machinery—its adaptability for scouting purposes and the fact that it would have the power at hand for initial movement."

General Allen, Chief of the Signal Corps, told of the great aerodrome—two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and eighty feet high—now building at Omaha for the work of training the three hundred men of the corps at that point. All that is needed to put the army and navy in the front line of aeronautic progress is a small appropriation—less than the cost of a single torpedo-boat destroyer. Considering the fact that in a calm, or even against a moderate breeze, either of the airships that Toledo sent to St. Louis could overhaul any battleship or cruiser afloat, the time may come when such an appropriation may seem an extremely good investment. The equipment of fleets with airships or flying machines of any kind would bring about some interesting developments in tactics. The squadron that got to windward of its enemy would have an enormous advantage, and we should see again the old struggles of sailing-ship days for the "weather-gage." The leeward fleet would have no chance of outrunning the hostile airships flying down the wind, and if the breeze were strong even its own aerial defenders might be blown away from it, so that it would be left a helpless target for the bombs of the enemy soaring overhead.

The Steel Outlook

Business shrinking, but still not bad

THE quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation is always a matter of interest as a barometer of national prosperity, but the one issued on October 31 was looked for with particular anxiety on account of the critical state of general business. This single corporation produces more steel than any nation in the world outside of the United States, and its policy of publicity throws a searchlight upon the entire trade.

Steel, as Mr. Carnegie has lately repeated, is either prince or pauper, and there have been grave apprehensions of late that we might be approaching the pauper stage. The new report does not justify those fears. It is true that there has been a considerable shrinkage in new business, but still the impetus of the past two prosperous years has not been lost, and it is by no means certain that it will be. The earnings for the quarter were \$43,804,285, the greatest in the history of the corporation with the single exception of the quarter immediately preceding. The surplus, after deducting interest and dividends, amounted to \$19,911,711, of which \$15,000,000 were appropriated for improvements, leaving nearly \$5,000,000 to be added to the balance on hand. The company had \$76,000,000 in cash in bank. Since its organization it has provided from earnings a reserve of nearly \$80,000,000 for the extinguishment of capital and added from the same source over \$266,000,000 to its assets.

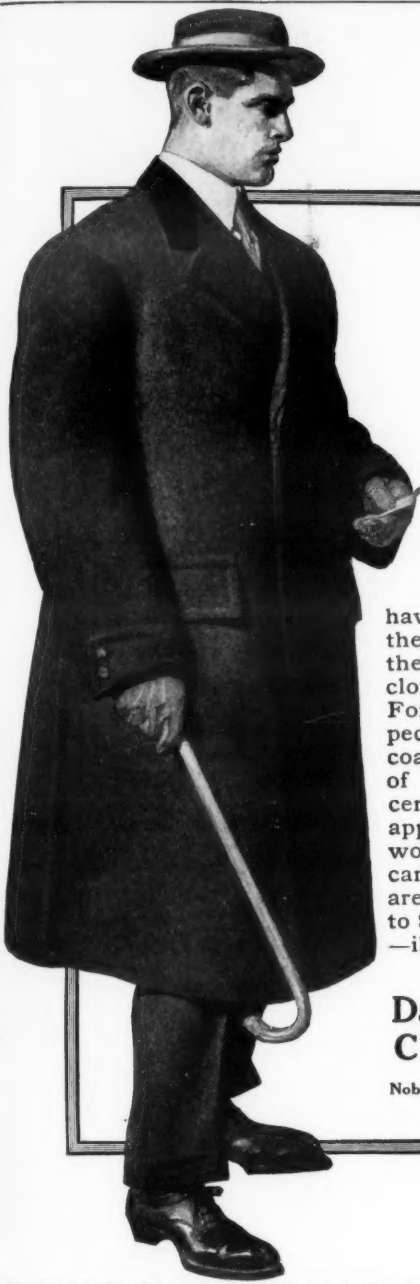
The thing of particular interest to the public as affecting the general business of the country is the extent of the shrinkage in orders. In the three months, from June 30 to September 30, the unfilled orders on hand were diminished from 7,603,878 to 6,425,008 tons, an this amount has since been further decreased by 400,000 tons—that is to say, for four months the corporation's output has been exceeding its new orders at the rate of about 400,000 tons a month. But there are still enough old orders on hand to keep its mills running at their full capacity for six months to come, even if not another commission should be received. While the unfilled orders at the end of September were less by 1,300,000 tons than on the same date last year, they were greater than in any previous year. New orders have been coming in during October at the rate of about 18,000 tons per day, which represents nearly half the capacity of the corporation. The decline has been due largely to the deadlock with the railroads over the question of rails. The stream of orders from this source is merely dammed up, and the longer its flow is checked the greater must be its volume when the obstruction is broken. Chairman Gary thinks that the outlook is bright. We know that the high prices received for their crops are making the farmers prosperous; the paralysis in the copper trade seems to have ended, and if the steel business, the greatest of all the country's manufacturing industries, can flourish, there would seem to be few corners left in which very hard times could lurk.

Another view of the steel situation is furnished by a canvass of sixteen of the principal manufacturing companies, conducted by the Boston News Bureau with a view to measuring the decline in the number of men employed. It appears that in the nine months from January 1 to October 1, 21,560 men out of 445,530 were laid off, a decrease of five per cent. Four of the companies, the Tennessee Coal and Iron, the Republic, the Midvale, and the Baldwin Locomotive, showed actual increases. The force of the American Locomotive Company remained stationary at twenty-two thousand men. The other eleven companies employed fewer men in October than in January, but in most cases the reduction was not very marked. The greatest shrinkage, both absolutely and relatively, was in the force of the Western Electric Company, which cut off six thousand names from the twenty-seven thousand on its payroll at the beginning of the year. The United States Steel Corporation had two hundred and ten thousand employees in January and two hundred and five thousand in October, a reduction of less than two and a half per cent.

Of course, all these establishments are still running to a certain extent on unfilled orders, and their forces may be expected to show greater declines when they have caught up with their arrears of work and are dealing with the present contracted volume of business. It is predicted that the Steel Corporation alone may lay off twenty-five thousand men between now and the beginning of the new year. But it is quite possible that the present dullness may be over so soon that the companies may begin looking for men to cope with the demands of a new prosperity before the last calls of the old one have been fully met.

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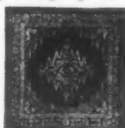


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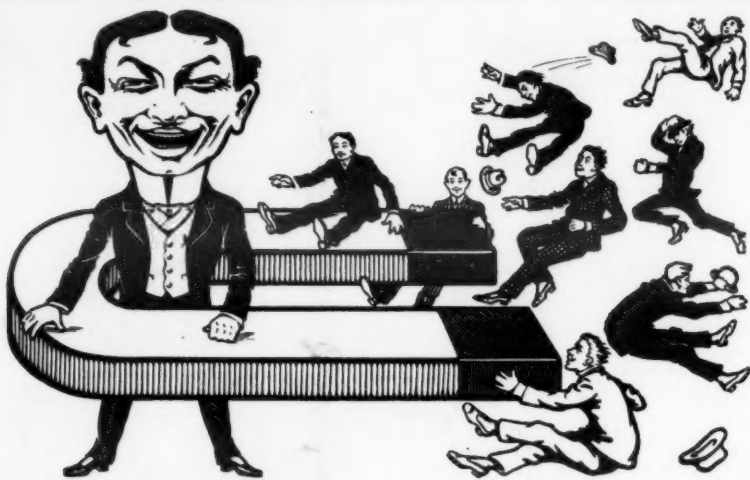
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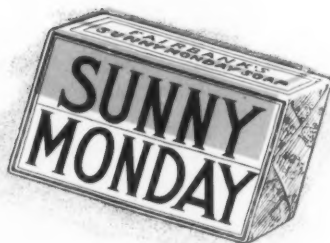


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